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NO. 32

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE INTERESTS  
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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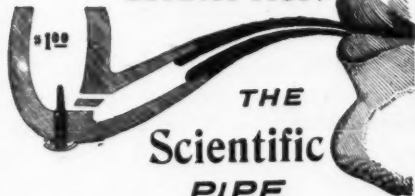
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M. R. PATER'S novel with the title above is the subject of the essay called "A Golden Book," to appear in the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. If the essay does no more than call to the attention of the reading public in this paper's field a piece of literature that reveals new beauties in the use of language, and gives a new light upon the way in which Christianity came to take hold on the Roman world, it will have fulfilled its purpose. The issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. The series for a year, one every month, for 50 cents, payable in advance.

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### IMPRESSIONS OF ORATORS.

AN EVENING WITH WEBSTER DAVIS AND W. J. BRYAN.

I WENT to the Coliseum last Saturday evening to hear Messrs. Webster Davis and William Jennings Bryan. Also to see what I could see.

The great place was filled with people. There must have been ten thousand of them. There was an unduly great proportion of women. There were many more small boys than one expects to see at a political meeting. The women didn't listen. After they had sighted the lions, they were satiated. The average feminine verdict after the speeches was, "They are fine-looking men."

There was enthusiasm. The flag was in evidence. That was the most gratifying sign of the occasion. If the Democrats ever needed anything it was to get back to the flag. Likewise The Star Spangled Banner music was applauded. There was a time, not so long ago, when the people at monster Democratic meetings didn't know the name of that tune. Saturday evening "Dixie" was more spontaneously received, but then some specimens of "rag-time" were better received than either "Dixie" or the "Star-Spangled Banner." As I have said, there was enthusiasm, but it was not uncontrollable. Prior to the opening of the meeting there were outbursts upon the appearance of Bryan banners, but they were tame.

When Mr. Davis appeared there was an uproar. When it subsided he began to talk. His talk was a great disappointment to everybody. Talk about Roosevelt's book on the Rough Riders deserving the title "Alone in Cuba," Davis' remarks might have been labeled "Alone in South Africa." As he went along I thought continually of a parody of the Bourdillon poem. "The night has a thousand Is." From one to four Is peppered every sentence. Mr. Davis' Ego was on the rampage. He elected McKinley, he saved Mark Hanna. He was not only tearful himself in their cause, but was the cause of tears in others. And now Messrs. McKinley and Hanna and all the rest of them are villains. Well, they are what they were when he served them. They have not changed. He knew them and their game when he helped them to their present places. If he didn't he was a "chump." His sudden turn on his former idols is under strong suspicion of treason. He betrayed them, as he betrayed the A. P. A. to the Catholic boss of Missouri, Mr. Kerens. It is, therefore, not surprising that he should have turned upon Mr. Kerens' friend McKinley.

That Davis is a fakir was shown by his having fixed up his face to make himself look like Mr. Bryan. The clean shaven face is the stamp of "the profesh." And Davis has joined "the profesh."

Mr. Davis is an oratorical archaism. He talks highfalutinese altogether. He is an eagle-screamer, an empyrean-shatterer. His wares of speech are unadulterated guff. No trace of logic is in him. His view of the Boer war bears not the slightest trace of being the result of any judicial study of the question. His story of it was one of rank, extravagant, utterly unqualified assertion. The reading persons in his audience had to smile at his highly colored special pleading. The talk was one unintermittent gush of flubdub, with Davis more important than Great Britain or America or the Transvaal. It was Davis, Davis, Davis, for subject, predicate and object of every sentence. His patriotism, his sacrifices, his devotion made up the real theme.

The audience received him well at first. There was frequent applause, but it petered out. Gradually the applause was prolonged at the conclusion of his periods, but it began to last so long that it was evident the people were wearying.

The crowd began to cry for Bryan, who had not yet arrived. People began to talk loudly to each other and turn their backs upon the stage. A man in one of the boxes began to emit a peculiar bark at intervals. A boy in the arena began tooting on a mournful conch. Boys on the girders near the roof began to gabble loudly to one another. The talk became gradually a sort of din. The people were grown tired of Mr. Webster Davis. Before he finished he was practically drowned out by his audience. The crowd had him sized up for what he was—a blather-skite. The crowd didn't care about the Boers; at least, they didn't care about the Boers solely as a background for Mr. Davis' enlarged projection of his conception of his personal importance. The golden-tongued orator was emphatically snubbed, was told that he was a bore and the crowd was not one of bore-sympathizers.

The reception of Mr. Davis' alleged eloquence—and be it said right here that the grave defect of his eloquence is that it is not eloquent—seemed to me to be a sign that the Boer issue in the present campaign is not going to cut much of a figure. If a talk for the Boers should excite interest anywhere it should do so here in Missouri, but Saturday night's spectacle convinced me that the subject has no strong hold upon popular interest. When Mr. Davis sa' down the cheering was decidedly tame and considerably sporadic.

..\*

Mr. Bryan appeared amid a great demonstration. Then occurred a curious thing. The people strained to see him, while he stood by the speaker's desk awaiting the subsidence of the cheers and the small storm of flags. They saw him, with his pleasant, frank smile. And then they began to leave the hall. He spoke at the east end. He had not said fifty words when, at the west end, there appeared patches of vacancy at the west end of the arena and in the galleries. It wasn't that the people could not hear him, either, for I was in box two and could hear him very well indeed. The fact was patent that the crowd had largely come out of curiosity to see him.

Then he said that he would read his remarks about "Trusts," instead of speaking extemporaneously. Instantly there was a rush, rattle, clatter and rumble all over the hall, caused by the departure of people by the hundred. He was not into his manuscript until the galleries were practically emptied and the crowd in the arena was reduced one-half. The box-crowds thinned out. The women in the boxes "stuck." You could hear them saying, "Ah, poor Mr. Bryan. Don't let us leave him this way."

Mr. Bryan read his piece. He read, and read, and read, and read, and Lord but it was wearisome! The people yawned. Some of them actually slept. Many of them held merry converse in quite loud tones. Here and there a man and a maid were palpably courting in the midst of desert spaces in the galleries, oblivious of the "orator" or the imminent peril of the Republic. Now and then some one gave forth long whining or yelping yells without regard to the matter of the reading. These would be followed by scattering cheers and shouts. And Mr. Bryan read on. His reading was dead. The man Bryan was out of his element. The audience could not see and feel his fine eyes. His face had no expression. There were no gestures, or very few. It was not Bryan at all. The man should never do the from-manuscript act. When he looks at the paper he eliminates his personality. Now and then, he looked up from the page and talked at the people. Instantly the people woke up, responding to his presence, thrilled by the changed tone of his voice, captivated by the animation and glow of his face and the evident vitality of the man. Then came cheers, and hearty cheers. Then every sentence struck



home. But when he resumed the manuscript the pall fell again. The great popular idol became actually tiresome. Nothing redeemed the long stretch, but the purple patches of direct address without reference to the manuscript. At the end he abandoned his manuscript, and talked without it. The result was a grand finish. His words had the old electric quality that they had in his great Chicago speech. The man was alive, and warm, and bright and graceful and decidedly pleasant to behold and to hear.

What did he say? You may have read it in the paper. Whatever he said, it lost nine-tenths of its force, from the way in which he said it. The evening was a distinct disappointment. The break up of the gathering was marked by a wonderful tameness.

The evening was a lesson. It taught me, if I rightly interpreted my observation, that the people are tired of politics. The people have a curiosity to see Mr. Bryan. They have a curiosity to hear him, because he has the reputation of an orator. They do not care for what he says, so much as for how he says it. They like the man. There is no denying that they have an affection for the Bryan personality, for the physical charm of him, for some pleasant memory or instinct or subtle prepossession he arouses in them. But the great question of "Trusts," which I have thought, and have said in these columns, was the one closest their hearts, actually does not concern them so much as I thought. They care only for Mr. Bryan. And they care for him, unless I am wrong, as they care for a popular actor or a preacher who has a fine delivery. They care for his personality, for his sensual, emotional effect upon them more than they are concerned with his character, although I do not mean to imply that a strong character does not go with the man's personality. They do not regard him as great, as they did in 1896. They like him. In a general way they agree with him; they love to hear him assail the things which are. They would like to believe that things could be different, but they seem to feel and know, somehow, that what he promises is a pretty dream—like the new Jerusalem of the preacher or the Phaeacia of the poets of old time.

The interest in Mr. Bryan is a manifestation of a popular phase of aesthetics. He is a sort of troubadour singing men songs that make them sorry for themselves, picturing them the possibilities of transforming the world into a place where their ideals will be realized. But they know that the ideal is not realizable, at least not here, in this world. They delight to hear him assail those who are mighty and in high places, to see him fighting dragons or octopi, but, somehow, in a dim sort of way they realize that the mighty and the strong in high places are only made ogres and gruesome giants by his fancy, while the dragons or the octopi are in reality harmless against a spell of the popular will that will protect the people. The people say he fights a gallant battle, but it is a battle like that of heroes in novels and poems and plays. The stage is fixed for the hero to win. The villains are not villains after all. They are painted as such to throw forward the hero. I should rank Mr. Bryan with John Drew, Hackett, Faversham, Henry Miller. Mr. Bryan is the manifestation of the romantic school in politics. In another way Col. Roosevelt is a manifestation of the same thing, but Col. Roosevelt has a strong flavor of the practical. He poses, but he has done things. He is an egoist, but he is not so much of a theorist. He lacks Mr. Bryan's blandness of idealism, because he has rubbed up harder against the realities and has had a somewhat disillusionizing, though not cynicizing familiarity with history. The world is all new to Mr. Bryan. To Col. Roosevelt it is an old, old world but still fair and growing fairer in its old, old way and by virtue of the very processes which seem to Mr. Bryan all evil.

Mr. Bryan is not a politician at all. He is a sort of moral evangelist telling us of the millennium as he would have it, but without a practical plan for bringing it to pass. Mr. Bryan is more like William Morris than like Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan is a popular hero, but he, somehow, seems to the people to be fighting with ghosts and ogres and djinns of his own conjuring. Mr. Bryan appeals to the emotions of men and uplifts them temporarily, when he abandons his manuscript. But when the evening is over he leaves no much more permanent effect in the minds of those who heard him than they might have carried away from the presentation of a melodrama.

And the people are beginning to wish he could find himself another part, or at least that he would get himself new scenery, or that he would get a "support" not modeled so much on himself as is Mr. Web. Davis.

My Saturday evening at the Coliseum leaves me in grave doubt whether there is more than one chance for Mr. Bryan's election, that chance being Republican over-confidence. When Mr. Bryan speaks on the one theme that one would think the people would feel deepest about, to an audience of Missouri Democrats of the most unterrified persuasion, and that audience dribbles away from him, solely because it cannot catch his eye or his lighted face or feel the timbre of his voice in little creeps along its spine, the prospect for his success is poor. The same thing must happen elsewhere. It means that Mr. Bryan is strong only when he has the people subject to his art. It only means that the people regard him solely as an orator. It means that when they are out of range of the radiation of his personality the spell is gone. The spell does not hold them in their homes. It does not grasp them in the voting-booth. His ideas do not hold them, only his presence. Devoid of his presence his ideas are divested of their effectiveness. They do not stand well the unwrapping of their draperies of rhetoric, the dissipation of their glamour of Bryanesque glow. Saturday evening's experience accounted to me for the saying, that in the last presidential campaign Mr. Bryan got the smaller vote where he drew the larger crowds. His success is a success of curiosity and of personal agreeableness. Mr. McKinley has much of the same quality of agreeableness which quite obscures for many the fact that his agreeableness is too agreeable and produces the effect of a certain flabbiness of character.

Between them there is no choice. The men are very much alike. It is much to be feared, that, however the election may result, we are sure to have in the White House for the next four years a man who has the egomaniac taint of hallucinatory direct divine inspiration. Indeed, if you'll look carefully at the ordinary pictures of Mr. Bryan and Mr. McKinley you'll be surprised at their resemblances of physiognomy. Both are somewhat smug. Both are self-satisfied. Both are just a little hard and narrow and inclined to "whangdoodle" the people. Both are virtuous with that virtuosity which suggests the better-than-thou. Both represent a crowd that is dangerous to the country. There really is no choice between them, for people who know how to value platforms and are in the habit of thinking out the issues for themselves.

The best thing one can say for the present campaign is that it bids fair to prepare an excellent opportunity for a new conservative party in 1904 and for new men in whose individuality there will be something upon which their followers can lay firmer hold than upon mere attractive individuality.

William Marion Reedy.

## MR. HOUSER FOR MAYOR.

SOME OTHER TIME.

NOT for several days has the esteemed *Globe-Democrat* emitted its barbaric yawp in paragraphs against a reform, independent movement in St. Louis.

The esteemed *Globe-Democrat*, in opposing reform, tacitly approves:

The job in legislation and the trick in the Board of Public Improvements which resulted in the streets of the city being unlighted over seven-tenths of its area.

The streets impassable, unswept, unsprinkled, while the

pay roll of the street department has not been decreased with the stoppage of work.

The sewers choked at their mouths, shaky and crumbling throughout their length and all under great strain after every rain.

The foul alleys lined with unremoved, putrefying garbage.

The water that gags the man who attempts to drink it and that ought to be washed before anyone attempts to wash in it.

The great jobs that are being worked in the matter of the lettings of public printing.

The graft of Councilmen selling material and performing contracts for the city in plain defiance of the Charter.

The snaps in connection with the Supply Department and the exorbitant prices paid for meat and other foods supplied to the institutions.

The rake off by some one directly or indirectly connected with the Mayor's office in the matter of permits for signs, stands of various sorts, excavations in the streets, which have been sold for from \$5 to \$50.

The "hold ups" in the Council and House of Delegates before any bill for any private interest can be passed.

The depletion of the City Treasury by the maintenance on the pay rolls of hordes of tax-eaters in the departments of public work, while practically no public work is being done.

The raggedly, unkempt, un-raked, un-sprinkled and generally untended parks of the city.

The death-trap, fire-trap, rattle-trap City Hospital, Female Hospital, Insane Asylum and Poor House—all over-crowded and all liable to collapse or instant destruction by fire.

"No reform" says the *Globe-Democrat*. Which is to say that all the things hereinabove enumerated are what the city needs, what the people want. We pay taxes to have the public work done by fellows who draw fat salaries for not doing it.

The city has been robbed by the Democratic police department, says the *Globe-Democrat*. That is true. But that does not excuse the multifarious municipal robberies and criminal extravagances of the Republican Ziegenhainverein in a grand boodlefest.

"No reform" shrieks the *Globe-Democrat* "because a reform means the election of Democrats!" But the reform movement explicitly bases itself upon the elimination of the present corruptionists of both parties from municipal management. The *Globe-Democrat* wants no reform. First, it wants the present Ziegenhain gang to remain in power. If it can't have that, it wants the Democratic Jefferson Club gang in power. Either gang is preferable to the success of an independent movement. Anything is better than that boodlers of the great parties should cease to flourish.

"Would you oust incompetent and corrupt Republican machine-men to instal incompetent and corrupt Democratic machine-men?" queries the *Globe-Democrat*. To this the reply is that the time is here to oust the incompetent and corrupt of both parties. "It can't be done," says the *Globe-Democrat*. To which the answer is: "Of course it can't, if it be never attempted." And there you have the *Globe-Democrat* "cornered" and made to advocate the preference of political gang rule, at any cost, to any reform movement. If the great religious daily can't be the organ of the Merchants' League Club it is willing, nay anxious, to be the organ of the Jefferson Club. It would, in the event of the shaping of a reform movement, fight the same. In other words, if the Republican gang couldn't win, the reformers shouldn't.

Now why does a great paper like the *Globe-Democrat*—and it is unquestionably a great paper in many ways—oppose the idea of reform, the suggestion that the city make a special effort to put its administration, for the World's Fair period at least, out of the hands of tax-eaters, grafters and boodlers? Why does the great journal in question align itself with the crew of crooks that dominate all but one or two departments—like the Health office and the Collector's



office—at the City Hall? Why does the *Globe-Democrat*, which must be edited by men of intelligence and ethical perceptions, support and applaud an uncouth, loutish executive who never does anything but meet critical situations with vulgar jollies? Why does the *Globe-Democrat* say that the public affairs of this city are all right when everybody knows they are all wrong, when everybody can see that in public work the city is out-at-elbow and down-at-heel? Why has the *Globe-Democrat* ceased to protest against the election to Congress of the son of the Democratic boss who organized the bolt that made Ziegenhein Mayor? Why has the *Globe-Democrat* insidiously attacked the suggested candidacy of Republican Judge Zachritz, and the administrative abilities of President McMath of the Board of Public Improvements, and the Health officer, Dr. Starkloff? All these men are good Republicans. The answer to all these questions is easy. It is this:

Mr. Daniel M. Houser, chief owner of the *Globe-Democrat*, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Mayor.

The *Globe-Democrat* defends Ziegenhein because Ziegenhein holds the Republican City Central Committee, and the committee can dictate the nominee. The *Globe-Democrat* lets up in its fight upon Mr. Butler's candidacy for Congress, because Mr. Butler's father may help Mr. Houser into the Mayor's office in grateful remembrance of kindness to "the boy." The *Globe-Democrat* uses its influence in its party against the other men who are suggested for Mayor, solely to get them out of the road for Mr. D. M. Houser. The whole scheme is as plain as day.

Now, Mr. Houser is a nice old gentleman. That none can deny. But, as good as he is, the fact remains that, according to the scheme now working, if he went into office by virtue of the efforts of the Ziegenhein gang and the Butler gang, he would be in honor bound to continue that same gang in office, and that same gang in office means a continuance of the conditions about which every citizen of St. Louis, who is not a gangster, complains. Mr. Houser, as a party man, will not do. The party idea is the bad thing about his candidacy. There is nowhere any objection personal to himself. If elected he couldn't break away from "the gang." He couldn't rid the departments of the grafting barnacles who carried the day for him. He would, in all aspects of party honor, as here and now conceived, be bound to "take care of the fellows who stood by him." And those are the fellows this city must get rid of if the city is ever to pull itself out of the hole into which those fellows have plunged it. Try as he might, Mr. Houser could not eliminate the machine as organized, and being the recipient of honor at the machine's hands, would have to recognize the machine. Mr. Houser illustrates the idea that the reform movement wishes to enforce upon the minds of the people in the matter of choosing an administration for the four years from next April. That idea is, that we cannot get reform by decent, able and distinguished men who are elected by the party organizations held together by the cohesive power of spoils. A saint in office who "got there" through the efforts of the Ziegenhein push would have to recognize that push, just as a *chevalier sans reproche* elected by the Jefferson Club Indians would have to take care of the "tribe." It is this recognition of the push and this taking care of the tribe that make for maladministration. Therefore, the only way to secure good administration is to elect men to office who shall owe nothing to the push or the Indians, but will serve the best interests of the city as a whole.

The city must have a reform administration or a gang administration. There is no other alternative. There are more good people in this city, and in any city, than there are gangsters. There never was a city in which the good people of all "classes" had such glaring and multifold evidences of what gang rule can do for a city, as have the good people of St. Louis. Democratic and Republican gang rulers exist side by side. They are equally rotten. They are not, in any sense, opposed to each other. They are unanimous in favor of more money for "the boys" and as little as possible for public work. They are solid for one another against any reform. They are powerful enough to

capture the greatest engine of thought and supporter of morals in the community, the *Globe-Democrat*, and convert, or pervert, it into an agency for the support of vicious partisan plunder-pacts. If any one thing more than another calls loudly for reform in this city it is the fact that the gang has captured the *Globe-Democrat*, which was supposed to be far beyond the reach of such influences.

These questions are up to each citizen of St. Louis. "Are you for Reform or for the Gang? Are you for a better St. Louis or for the decrepit and decaying St. Louis? Are you for a fine city in which to hold a World's Fair or for a pack of politicians in office to whom it would be folly to commit the expenditure of money for the preparation of the city to entertain the world? Are you for bad streets, bad sewers, bad water, bad lighting, bad government generally, or for an attempt to make all these bad features of administration good?"

W. M. R.



## REFLECTIONS.

### Kruger in Flight

PAUL KRUGER is going to Europe. The world is not informed as to why he goes. The old man may have some deep-laid scheme which will "stagger humanity," but no one can surmise what it may be. To a calm observer it is not at all clear that Kruger's flight is heroic or even dignified. He has not done the things the world expected of him. He has not contributed to his country's cause anything remarkable in the way of genius, since the beginning of the war, for which his stubbornness was as much responsible as "Joe" Chamberlain's impetuosity. Kruger does not rank, for either ability or character, with men like Joubert, Botha, Cronje and de Wet. He has run away from danger and, if reports may be trusted, has taken large quantities of money with him. There is nothing he can do for his country, in Europe, unless it be that he hopes to find permission there from Belgium, Germany or France for his people to make a new trek to their territories when the war now in progress comes to an end. He might come to the United States and make arrangements for the colonization of his people. They would be welcome, of course, but it is very doubtful that they would find the laws and customs of this country any more sympathetic towards their exclusiveness and bigotry and general mediævalism than the laws and institutions which the British have tried to force upon them. Mr. Kruger was said by Bismarck to be the williest diplomat in the world, but the time is passed when diplomacy could help the Boers, and the condition of Europe positively precludes any interference with the English. Mr. Kruger in flight dwindles in importance. It were better for his fame to have abided with his own people, and shared their fate whatever it might be. He compares, just now, with men like Joubert and Botha and Cronje just about as Jefferson Davis compares with Lee and Stonewall Jackson. And if he should go upon the lecture platform the descent from the heroic-sublime to the ridiculous would be complete.



### In the Philippines

NEWS from the Philippines is disheartening. The insurrection is "over," but the insurgents continue to pile up a startling death list of American soldiers. The insurrection is "suppressed," the islands are "pacified," but the Republican organs tell us in the same breath that the only thing that keeps the insurrection going is the hope that Mr. Bryan's election will result in the withdrawal of the army. There is no reasonable doubt that Bryan and his friends are the hope of the insurgents, but why the lying about the war being ended? It is humiliating and disgusting that the officers of the army and the dispensers of information for the Administration should be lying so barefacedly to the people. Why not admit the facts, that the army can't catch the rebels, that the pacification is a peace under arms and behind protection? Why not tell the people the truth? One half suspects that the insurrection is kept alive as much by the desire of the Republicans to appeal to the flag

as by the aid and comfort given the Aguinaldites by the Bryanite professions of friendship. Those of us who do not much exalt either side of the present political campaign are more than half convinced that the whole Philippine war issue is a part of a grand political confidence game. The war is a good thing for each side, from its particular standpoint, and is being "worked" for all it is worth. But the horrible feature of this game is, that human lives are the pawns with which it is being played. The death roll makes the thing appear like a ghastly trick of political "business." What a horrible thing if dispatches like that of Monday morning only show that the politicians are maintaining an inferno in the Philippines that they may better accomplish their own ends. The dispatch reads: "Charles McQueston, Captain 4th United States Infantry, died yesterday (Sunday), at Mangonone, Bacoar, Cavite Province, at 8:30 in the evening, as the result of a gunshot wound caused by a private soldier. Capt. McQueston, in a fit of temporary insanity, attacked the men of the company, shot one or more, and was shot himself in self-defence." The war in the Philippines is either a confidence game on the American people or it is not. If it is not, then the Administration should end it at once, if it be necessary to cover every island of the archipelago with troops enough to drive the insurgents into the sea. Thus far the campaign in the Philippines has been the most frightful example ever given of American incompetence in affairs. By their own confessions the Republicans convict the Administration of colossal dufferism in the Philippines. There is, evidently, no matter how you look at the matter, too much American political skulduggery in the war in the Philippines. If a political campaign were not on in this country the islands would have been pacified long ago. Both parties are responsible for the awful record of insanity and death of Americans in the Oriental possessions, and all the population and wealth of the archipelago is not worth the lives of one-tenth of the gallant fellows who have thus far been sacrificed to the necessities of the Republican and Democratic campaign managers.



### Independent Apathetics

THE great danger to Mr. McKinley's prospects of re-election does not lie altogether in the number of Republicans who will vote for Mr. Bryan, or in the number of gold Democrats who will support Mr. Bryan. It lies chiefly in the number of gold Democrats who will not vote at all. Without the gold Democratic vote Mr. McKinley could not have been elected in 1896. Without the gold Democrats and without the support of the anti-imperialist Republicans Mr. McKinley is in danger of retirement to private life. This is the sort of apathy that kills. The regulars will vote all right, even if perfunctorily. The Independents who will refuse to vote for either Bryan or McKinley will rule the day. Thus far they have not been frightened by the cry that the gold standard is in danger any more than they have been by the howl that the Republic is to be swallowed up in the Empire. The McKinley managers would do well to beware of the independent apathetics.



### Kodaker Nuisances and Criminals

EVERYBODY read with pleasure of the incidents in which kodak fiends, photographing the nude, swollen dead bodies, were either promptly shot dead or their cameras smashed at Galveston, after the disaster. Photography has become a grave nuisance. It makes the papers ugly splotches of horror after such occasions. It grows more sacrilegious with each disaster. Years ago no paper would think of printing such pictures as were printed after the recent great steamship fire in New York or as one of the magazines printed in illustrating the horrors of the Indian famine. If the people of Galveston had not acted as they did there is no telling what ghoulish horrors the newspaper photographers might have inflicted upon us. The citizens were as fully justified in shooting the men who were photographing the nude corpses of women as they were in shooting the men who cut rings from the fingers and earrings from



the ears of the dead. The camera fiend is too frequently a nuisance in ordinary life. At a time such as that of Galveston's visitation he is an atrocious monster. It is plain that the lawmakers of this country will soon have to devise a means of punishing the kodak fiend when he attempts to take pictures of men and places and things against the protest of the person or of the owners of the objects being photographed.



#### A Cure for the Lobby

WE hear a great deal about the influence of the lobby in legislation in every State. In Missouri the lobby owns the State, and most of the politicians of the dominant party appear from time to time in the role of lobbyist. There is a legitimate sort of lobbying, as a recent editorial in the *New York Evening Post* points out. "Ex-Speaker Reed used to say that there were no terrors for him in a call from a lobbyist, and that he was always willing to go out and see one, unless he had reason to believe the man a rascal. 'If any person can tell me more about a pending bill than I know already,' he would ask, 'why should it be my duty to shun him?' All Mr. Reed insisted upon was that the lobbyist should be clean-handed, stick to his legitimate business, and hold his interviews with Congressmen outside of the legislative chambers." Evidently, Mr. Reed was not afraid of himself, either. The increase in the number and variety of topics with which Congress has to do makes it impossible for members to familiarize themselves with everything. They can't understand every bill simply by reading it. It is necessary that there should be at hand persons to tell them about the measures they are expected to vote on. And if there were not outside "pushers" legislation would often be clogged. To be sure, the pushers of measures are usually interested parties, but the Congressman or the Legislator is supposed to see the measure that is pushed in aspects above and beyond the interest of the worker for or against a bill. There are respectable and disreputable lobbyists. How to distinguish them is the question. The *Evening Post* puts the difficulty thus: "The only recognized definition of a lobbyist is a person who, from the outside, tries to influence legislation concerning a private or special interest. It is hard to say by just what test we shall distinguish, from a legislative point of view, between a general and a special interest. And since not every special interest before Congress is bad, or every general interest worthy, each case must be judged on its own merits, and the same discrimination should be exercised between the lobby champions of both classes of measures. The lobbyist who, for a fee, will work for a bill which he believes to be bad, stands upon the same plane as the attorney who makes mere merchandise of his license to practise before the courts. But we do not disbar a lawyer because, where he does not consider that any taint or wrong attaches to a case, he accepts a retainer for presenting its best side to judge and jury." The question is asked why Congress should not, for its own protection, if for no other motive, establish a legislative bar, with standards as high in their way as those of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States? "The State of Massachusetts enacted, in 1890, a law 'relating to the employment of legislative counsel and agents,' and has once or twice since amended it. The President of the American Bar Association, in his address at its recent annual meeting, endorsed this statute, and commended the action of the last Maryland Legislature in passing a law modeled upon the Bay State's example. The essence of the Massachusetts law is publicity. It requires the sergeant-at-arms to keep two dockets. In one must be entered the names of counsel employed to appear before committees, as well as of those who make a specialty of certain branches of legislation; in the other, the names of the agents employed for any general purpose in promoting or opposing legislation; and in both must be given the names and addresses of employers and employed, the date and term and character of the employment, and other important particulars. If a person combines the work of counsel with that of agent, he must advertise the fact by appearing in both

dockets. Counsel and agents must file, in connection with the entry of their names in the dockets, credentials for their authority, signed with the full names and business addresses of their employers. Punishment for wrongdoing by any counsel or agent involves disbarment for at least three years, together with a fine of from \$100 to \$1,000; and any employer who fails to meet any of the provisions of the law, including a sworn statement of the expenses incurred by him in promoting or opposing legislation, is subject to a similar fine." This law is said to have resulted to the advancement of clean legislation. It has lessened the number and raised the grade of the "third house." There are defects, of course, as the *Evening Post* shows, in that it provides no initiative on the part of the State's officers to call to account persons who are suspected of illicit dabbling in legislation from the outside, and it is also open to evasion in various ways. But the great thing to be said in favor of the law is, that it tends to take the dealings with legislators out of the hands of scamps. Such a law would enable the employment of reputable men in a useful pursuit which they now avoid because of its traditions. The better class of lawyers would be employed, and they would work openly. There would, we may presume, be less dealing behind closed doors and in dark corners. The shady lobbyist would be spotted, and his employers made known. Forewarned against him would be forearmed. The public would know the business at the Capital of each member of the third house. The lobbyist who would lobby without registration would be almost *ipso facto* a crook, would advertise himself as such, and lessen his influence, by tending to make legislators ashamed to be seen in his company. The law would take laymen out of competition with lawyers in lobbying. Private interests under this law would be forced to register the better class of men as their advocates. The crooks would not have it all their own way, and we should find, probably, that a great deal of money supposed to have been paid to legislators for votes for special interests never reached the voters, but stuck to the hands of the lobbyist who claimed to have spent it in bribery.



#### Boxers in Ohio

A DISPATCH from Mansfield, Ohio, relates how a Dowie missionary and two converts were driven from that city by a mob. The missionary was holding a meeting when attacked. Officers tried to protect him, but he was followed to the depot by several hundred people. He was a target for all kinds of missiles and was kicked and cuffed until he presented a piteous spectacle. While the missionary was held at the depot the mob went to where he had been preaching and escorted his converts to the depot, sending them all away amid jeers and a storm of stones. All this occurred on the Christian Sabbath and was done in the name of Christianity. Yet we grow indignant at the barbarity and ignorance of the Boxers in China. The Dowieites may not be ideal people in many ways, but they are better than the Ohio Boxers.



#### Mr. L. D. Kingsland

A CORRESPONDENT writes reproving the MIRROR for omitting from a recent enumeration of good men to nominate for World's Fair Mayor of St. Louis, the name of Mr. L. D. Kingsland. Certainly, Mr. Kingsland is a very good man in every way, a public-spirited citizen, a leader in every movement that has for its object the city's advancement. His omission from the list, however, was not due to an oversight, but to the fact that Mr. Kingsland has been, for some years past, identified with the regular Democratic organization, and has held office under the Governor of the State, to the credit of the appointing power. While admitting that Mr. Kingsland's official course and dignified character have been the bright spots of the State Administration's record in this city, it is suggested that the man who holds office, as a party man, cannot be expected to believe in an independent movement against his party. He believes that reform must come from the party organization. It would come if Mr. Kings-

land's party would nominate him for Mayor. If his party would do such a thing there might be less demand for more partisan reform. Mr. Kingsland, as a party man and an office holder, does not and cannot believe in a non-partisan movement, and, not believing in it, could not possibly be its candidate for anything. It can only be said again that if there were more men like Mr. Kingsland in office and prominent in party councils there would be no need for a great reform uprising in this city. The MIRROR does not think as well of Mr. Kingsland's party as Mr. Kingsland does, but it does believe that he is useful to that party as a little leaven that may leaven the whole lump and make for righteousness. He is doing good work along that line, but as a professing believer in party regularity and partisan government he is not eligible to the honor of an independent nomination for Mayor.



#### About Actor Ratcliffe

SOME of the local papers have followed the lead of New York yellow journals in rehashing the stories about the manner in which Mr. E. J. Ratcliffe, an actor, recently engaged with a local stock company, was alleged to have beaten his wife and was punished therefor. There is likely to be more of this, and it is in order for the MIRROR to say that such sensationalism is disgracefully unjust. Mr. Ratcliffe was vilely attacked and disgraced, but during all the time he was in the pillory of the sensational press he said never a word. There are men of repute, men, for instance, like John Ernest McCann, the poet and playwright, who assert emphatically that Mr. Ratcliffe never abused his wife and that the terrible publicity thrust upon him was the malefic work of venal dramatic critics in New York, and that the evidence against him was that of suborned and perjured witnesses. Mr. Ratcliffe took his medicine gamely, like a man, and because he would not retaliate upon his petticoated accusers, he was further abused for his silence, which was, in fact, commendable in every way. Mr. John Ernest McCann says: "I know that he did not beat his former wife, but, for argument's sake, we'll admit that he did beat her. When a man has paid his debt, to the gods or society, he should not be dunned again for it, should he? Mr. Ratcliffe has paid in full all he owes to society, and there is no reason now why he should be prevented from earning a living by his art." That is the common-sense of the matter. The question is whether Mr. Ratcliffe is a good actor. It is generally admitted that he is. He appears before the public as an actor. Therefore, that is the only aspect of the man that calls for the opinions of critics. It matters not even that he may have been wronged, persecuted and villainously blackmailed, so far as the artist is concerned. He might be a martyr, but that would not palliate his acting if it were bad. The fact that Mr. Ratcliffe is a good actor and is probably the victim of blackmailers, is pretty clearly established and it ill becomes great newspapers in St. Louis to train their guns upon him for the purpose of sensationalizing and thus imperil his chances of making a livelihood. In behalf of the American spirit of fair play, Mr. Ratcliffe, though he be an Englishman, should be given a chance. The papers do a vile thing when they attempt to prejudice the public against him. It is wrong to impugn his art on the score of his alleged misdeeds as a man. It is horribly wrong to put obstacles in the way of his efforts to reinstate himself with the public. Give Ed. Ratcliffe a chance!



#### The Boss and Young Men

HONORABLE RICHARD CROKER says young men have no chance in American life now. If this be so, who is responsible? The boss. The boss keeps young men down in politics. Advancement goes by favor. Favor goes to those who truckle to the boss. The boss brings favoritism into business. Political influence of bosses is used to make corporations give employment to friends of bosses. In the city a man has to have a political pull to get a place with the street car company. Boss influence makes young doctors and lawyers. Boss influence disposes of the places in the gift of nearly all the public service corpora-



tions. The boss pull has been known to get men into the banks. The boss is the greatest blight in this country on the young man, because the young man who wins success by becoming the instrument of the boss is, in fact, a moral failure. Where the boss power is strong, ability counts least, unless it be ability that is willing to prostitute itself to bossism's uses. The young man in New York would be better off if Croker and all his crew were put on a garbage scow and towed out to sea and sunk forty fathoms deep. The same thing applies to Platt. Bossism, wherever it flourishes, is a deadly influence on the young man. It is always a temptation to the young man to look to the organization for help rather than to look to himself for success. The success that comes from boss influence is always tainted with trickery and fraud and makes for business immorality. Of all the men in this country who have put obstacles in the way of the young man, Richard Croker is first and foremost.



#### Foolish Mr. Olney

MR. RICHARD OLNEY wrote a letter in support of Mr. Bryan. He is now sorry he did it. In his letter he said: "If one citizen may properly withhold his vote, logically all may, and all the wheels of government be stopped." Further he declared: "To decline voting because practically assured that others will vote is but to give the latter an undue share of political power and to forfeit the right to complain of any abuse of it." Then he went on: "The obligations of citizenship are avoided, not performed, by standing neutral in an election." And finally he moralizes thus: "The voting power is a trust which calls for use and is violated by the neglect to use." All the above things sounded beautifully. But it has been discovered that Mr. Richard Olney was not a registered voter in any year from 1896 to 1899 inclusive, and that he had not registered for this year when he wrote his letter. In the expressive but intelligent argot of the day Mr. Olney has "made a monkey of himself." It may also be stated that his support of Mr. Bryan is in flat contradiction of his articles on imperialism in the *Atlantic* and the *North American Review*. His support of Mr. Bryan does not accord well with his course with regard to the Debs riot. And his general little Americanism is a terrible drop from his heroics in the Venezuelan affair. Mr. Olney is not consistent nor unanimous with himself.



#### Country Merchants and Free Delivery

IN two or three recent articles the MIRROR has had occasion to refer to the benefits to accrue to the rural population from free mail delivery in the country, but while the great convenience of the extension of the system is admitted, some papers devoted to the rural interest, like the *St. Louis Journal of Agriculture*, point out that free mail delivery in the country is certain to provoke very vigorous complaints from the country merchants. The improved service will promote the ordering of goods to a much larger extent than now from big city stores. In a great many cases, those who do not usually go to the town or village till Saturday will be able to have their wants supplied by mail in less time than if they waited. The free delivery system will develop the mail order business to such an extent, it is said, that the government will be compelled to increase its facilities and enlarge the scope of carrying merchandise by mail. The prospect, however, is not so alarming. If people can get their goods cheaper in the city than in the country town they should and will get them there. If they can get them as cheaply of the country merchant as of the city merchant they will get them from the former. The mails will go to the country towns from the farms as well as they will go to the cities. The country merchant will simply have to meet the situation by laying in larger stocks of goods and by providing means to deliver the goods when ordered. The great city stores will profit by the desire of people to buy in the great centers, but the live country merchant will rise to the occasion and enlarge his trade by arranging to meet the new demand. The country merchant

will find no difficulty in delivering goods, especially when good roads are provided in the county in which he does business. The country merchant, if the jobber's elimination should continue, will be able to buy as cheaply as the city merchant and to sell as cheaply. There need be no fear that the free delivery system will wipe out the merchant in the country town. On the contrary, it will help him, if he be a man of gumption, which usually, he is. And the establishment of a parcels post in the country would benefit country and city alike. We needn't worry so much about those country folks. They are perfectly able to take care of themselves under new conditions and the closer they are brought to the people of the cities the more able they will be to stand the competition.



#### The New Galveston

IT is idle to talk of pushing Galveston back on the main land. The sea never yet has driven man back by its wildest raging. The new Galveston will be on the island that held the old. Galveston's dead are mostly buried on that island. There is no reason why the fine breed of men called Texans should retreat from the sea. They are of the race that masters the ocean. They can win the fight, as Holland won it. This government is a great government. It can protect Galveston against a recurrence of such disaster. There is no justice in moving the city away from the old site. The people who built up properties on the island and owned land there should not be further ruined by the abandonment of the island. There is enough left of the city to form a great nucleus for another and a greater city, and this nucleus will add to itself the more rapidly by reason of the fact that the land still has a value from the work put into it by owners, even though the homes and business houses have been swept away. The men who own property in Galveston have a stake there that is in itself a great start toward recovered fortune. To abandon the island would be to ruin all such, and they are the people upon whom the rebuilding of Galveston must largely depend. The talk of abandoning the island is calculated to dishearten the very people who most need heart. If they must abandon their holdings there they are having disaster heaped on disaster. Galveston must rise where it fell. It will conquer the sea and laugh at the winds.



#### East St. Louis' Growth

THE population of East St. Louis has increased almost 100 per cent in the past ten years. It has increased at the expense of St. Louis. The increase represents, to a great extent, the employees of the great manufacturing concerns that have been moved to the other side of the river. Every dollar, almost, in East St. Louis should be on this side of the river. The Illinois town has built up because St. Louis merchants have been slow to bring the railroads to time on coal rates. Cheap coal has built up East St. Louis more than anything else. But bad government in St. Louis has driven many a manufacturing enterprise across the bridge. Heavy taxes has forced Missouri business into Illinois. Rapacious and extortionate boodlers in the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis have forced business concerns to the other end of the bridge. On the other hand, East St. Louis has had its affairs excellently administered of late. Mayor Stephens and his associates have pushed public improvement, until the place is better provided with streets than this city has ever been. The public officials are always looking out to induce new concerns to establish themselves there. The concerns already there are not putting up jobs to keep rivals from coming into the field. The spirit of the men of East St. Louis is the spirit of Illinois, not of Missouri. The city across the river almost tops the record of advancement of all others in the United States, although it was terribly stricken by the cyclone of 1896. This city claims East St. Louis as a part of this city. The claim is a false pretense. The people of East St. Louis think themselves, with much justification, more progressive than we are. Many of them think that they would be better off if it were not for the St. Louis in the name of their town. The press and the business organiza-

tions of this city pay little attention to the transpontine town. There is little social intercourse between the cities. Therefore, the claim that East St. Louis is a part of this city is particularly offensive to the Illinoisans. The fact is, that East St. Louis represents the unutterable folly and dunderheadedness of this community, for its wonderful growth in population, manufactures and wealth is due to the circumstance that the men in power in this city, and the peculiar lethargic conditions here, have driven out of this city just that amount of ability and energy and progressiveness that is represented in East St. Louis' 100 per cent increase in size in the last ten years. This statement will grieve many people. Those people will deny it. But it is true. And unless some change come over the spirit of our dream here East St. Louis may pass this town as this town once passed Alton and Cahokia. This city needs new life. It needs the spirit of "the city for all, and all for the city," which characterizes Chicago, Kansas City, and other towns. It needs some brains that will devise ways and means to prevent the flight of people and business from the city, and to attract people and business to the city. This is called "croaking." Call it what you will, it's true, and you'll notice that the people who call such demand for reform "croaking" are the people who have got some sort of monopoly or special privilege here through the dullness and unprogressiveness of the many. St. Louis is all right—to those who have some business or franchises "cinched." The fellows who "have the town by the tail" are satisfied with it. Of course they are. They don't want the people to wake up. And this explains why the daily papers don't want a livelier city. They want things as they are. If the town livened up there might be competition. The growth of East St. Louis is a reproach to the good sense of this community. It represents, mostly, people driven from this side of the river by political and business "cinches" and monopolists. What do those fellows care for St. Louis? They get rebates on the quiet from the railroads. They, therefore, don't feel the extra cost of coal or of bridge charges. They are glad every time a hustler pulls out and starts up in East St. Louis, because it gets him off where he can't go into the matter of the "quiet" rebate. Some day all the business men of St. Louis will get together, and do something for the town, but it will not be for a long time, because just now too many of the business men are enjoying special rates with the railroads to under-cut their competitors. Some day the St. Louis business men's organizations will try to do something to stop the flight of large business concerns and manufacturing plants across the Mississippi. Some day—but it may be too late; it may be when this shall be called West St. Louis, and the present East St. Louis shall have dropped the "East." This city has no reason to be proud of the increase of the Illinois burg. It has reason for shame and for fear—shame that this city's own folly has caused the increase, fear that the increase may, if continued, leave us behind. The gentle reader, mayhap, will be "mad" when this paragraph has been perused thus far. Let him ponder it, however. He will find that the facts are as stated, the reasons are as set forth, and the remedies are as suggested. Compared with East St. Louis this city is "a dead one." East St. Louis is vital with life that we have driven from ourselves. There is no other explanation, and editorial slop like that in the dailies on the census showing of East St. Louis only make it plain that the papers dare not tell the truth because of the dread of the "cinchers" who think this town is good enough for anybody, because it has been an easy mark and a dead soft snap for them. East St. Louis' prosperity represents, to a too great extent entirely, St. Louis' commercial and manufacturing decline.



#### The Coal Strike

ONE hundred thousand men and more are on strike in the Pennsylvania coal fields. They appear to have grievances most sore. But will a strike help them? The men who struck in the great Southwest strike, the Burlington strike, the Pullman strike have not yet recovered from the effects. The men who struck in St. Louis last May



are almost all still suffering. The coal strike will probably end in the same way. The men who quit work will lose money. Even if they win, the time will be lost. They will never make it up. And when they go back to work, if they do, they will gradually drop or be dropped out of employment. Every big strike sends many human derelicts drifting about the country for years. This coal strike will in all probability be no exception. Strikes almost invariably cause the strikers to lose. Others may get some benefit, but the best the striker seems to get is the worst of it. And this coal strike will entail suffering on the whole country. It will raise the price of coal. It will shut down factories and throw workingmen out of employment. If protracted it may cause the poor to freeze. The operators are fairly well prepared. They will suffer little for they will save the cost of operation and at the same time get better prices for the coal already mined. The strike is always and everywhere a bad thing and in this case, though it seems that the poor miners are the victims of great and grinding oppression, the probabilities are that the last condition of most of them will be worse than their first. If it be true that the strike has been fomented by politicians opposed to the present Administration a terrible burden of guilt will rest upon the fomentors, for the main result of the strike will be sickness, starvation and death to the men who go out and to their wives and children. The operators, too, are under an awful responsibility for their refusal to listen to proposals of arbitration made by the employees. The men are miserably paid and bled of that pay at company stores; they have been made to get out tons of coal with a tenth of a ton over and then docked for trivial mistakes; they have been "doctored by contract; their wages have been pared down by all sorts of conceivable devices of reduction. They are little better than slaves. They claim they can prove all this, but the operators will not submit the differences to proof. This contemptuous ignoring of the complaints of the men is one of the things that "cry to heaven for vengeance" and yet the question, whether a strike will benefit the victims is answered, by experience, in the negative. That is the pity, the heart-stopping pity of it all. But one thing could be added to the situation that would make one more strongly doubt the existence of a just and merciful God, and that is the thought that the condition of the victims of tyranny is made worse by the scheming of politicians to precipitate a strike for its advantage to a party.



#### A View of Roosevelt

THE most inexplicable thing in American public affairs to-day is the manner in which Col. Roosevelt is attacked by the yellow papers. To the ordinary person Col. Roosevelt seems to be the sort of man we have long been looking for in our politics. He is the sort of man whose absence from our politics we used to lament. He is a young man. He comes of what may be called in this country an old family. He is a man of education. He is a combination of the college man and the man of means, to which some years ago we looked for political salvation. He is not a dreamer or a rainbow chaser. He has done what came to his hand to be done. He has sought experience in the world. He has mingled with men as well as pored over books. He made Fifth Avenue, New York, touch elbows with the Wild West. He studied the history of his country and participated to some small extent in the life of the newer part of the country until he knew it fairly well. Mr. Roosevelt's career has been that of a gentleman and scholar and hustler. There is more about him of the typical American, as we generally conceive him, than about any other man in public life. Nobody can justly accuse him of anything in the way of failure to stand by his principles. He talks now just as he did when he was a civil service commissioner or when he was a police commissioner in New York City. He stands at once for independence and for a sane conception of party fealty. He is a mugwump within the party and he has not hesitated openly to deal with the party boss. He accepts things as he finds them and he talks right out in meeting. No more independent party man has this country ever seen. He never has

shirked responsibility, not even the one now forced on him of drawing the fire of the enemy. He was a mugwump within discipline even in the army, as was shown by the round robin at Santiago. There is no disputing his courage or his consistency in a difficult middle course in politics and no one has ever been able to find the instance in which he played the demagogue. Wherever any one has found Roosevelt, he has found him saying what he thought and felt rather than what he thought people wanted to hear. No man could be more enamored of work along the lines of a citizen's duties and he is the one conspicuous example of the scholar gentleman in politics who is not afraid to go to the primaries or to get candle-grease or coal-oil on his clothes in attending political meetings. The man, in any reasonable view of him, is a commendable figure of the time. He looms up in his party as the man who is most distinguished by straightforwardness and one of the few who are not the creatures of the crew that thinks money does everything. Col. Roosevelt is an American of the Americans and if his attitude appears to have too much emphasis it is because he is the man who expresses Americanism without any of the hypocrisy or cant or bogus humanitarianism which are invoked by others to gull the public. Colonel Roosevelt is not a trimmer nor a twaddler nor a sniveler. He is straightforward and undiplomatic. He doesn't coddle the people. They say he is jejune but they do so because they do not understand his disposition to do and say what he thinks is right, without a cowardly looking out for the applause either of the practical politicians or the independents. Col. Roosevelt is unpopular with the men who want to do things in the dark, who want to say one thing and mean another, who want a public man to be always making a door-mat of himself for the mob. The disingenuous dislike him. The cranks revile him for his lack of humbug and Uriah Heepishness in his adherence to reform ideas. Col. Roosevelt is the young American of education, of position, of moderate means, of healthy experiences, of broad but vigorous sympathy, of the practical turn for adjusting himself to circumstances without changing his principles—the man that, multiplied, might save the Republican party from its jelly fish, octopi and other queer fish, the man whose example of restrained enthusiasm, common sense and systematic studiousness must save this country from the peril of future Bryans.



#### Mr. Lang on Omar

OMNISCIENT Andrew Lang has joined Edgar Fawcett in considering Omar Khayyam as a bore. There is something to be said in favor of such a consideration, for we all know that the Persian poet's words have been hurled at us *ad nauseam* in the last five or six years. The bore is, that the sentiments of Omar are taken too literally by the vast majority of the people who quote him. He is the man behind whom adolescent agnostics stalk into serious, sensible conversation. He is made an excuse for a great deal of half-baked literature and talk with a tinge of the blase and the disillusioned. We all know that Omar Khayyam sang no wisdom of the hog-trough, as Mr. Fawcett puts it. Any thoughtful reader knows that the Rubaiyat is no more ribald than Ecclesiastes, no more vulgarly sensual than Solomon's Song of Songs. And the man who gave us the quatrains in English was no sensualist. Edward Fitz Gerald viewed the verses as poetry, and as poetry they are admired by all persons capable of appreciating poetry. The philosophy of Omar is taken with a decidedly large pinch of salt, and the whole spirit of the quatrains is anything but one of ribaldry. The note is sad, not rollicking. Omar says that all is vanity, and that is what the Church tells us often enough. Omar is not a bore. If he were, so would be those preachers who say to us so often, "Remember man thou art but dust and into dust thou shalt return." The Persian gave us his own consolation as balance to the thought that man must die, and though the quatrains are specific as to the consolation of wine the general tenor of the poem cannot be said to inculcate any excess in the use of the cup. However that may be, the suggestion of Mr. Lang, that Omar has become a bore savors a good deal of priggishness and snobbishness. He intimates that the

verse was delightful enough while it was the almost exclusive possession of an elect few like Addington Symonds, Rossetti, and some others. When the quatrains were rare they had some quality that they have lost through the familiarity of the public with them. The one thing that makes the Rubaiyat greatly worthy literature is its universality. The idea that the poem has deteriorated in quality through popularization is ridiculous. Literature is written for the world, and not alone for the miserly delectation of "my Andrew with the brindled hair." When Mr. Lang implies that literature that appeals to the many, in the way that Omar does, is a bore, it is he who is in danger of making us all very tired. The popularity of Omar Khayyam is not wholly a fad. It is largely based upon the fact that Omar says, or "Fitz" says for him, what every man and woman often thinks concerning the problem of existence, and says it in a way that "sticks."

Uncle Fuller.



#### IN GOLDEN COLORADO.

RECORD OF IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

(FOR THE MIRROR.)

WHEN President Cleveland, in 1893, forced the repeal of the Sherman silver law, and the British Government stopped silver coinage in India, the State of Colorado was hit very severely. Banks suspended, silver mines closed down, and all business and industries were paralyzed. For two or three years, the future of the State looked anything but bright and promising, and discontent among the populace was growing apace. It was only after the discovery of gold in the Cripple Creek district that an improvement was again visible, and that confidence and optimism were gradually being restored. Since 1897, the State has gained largely in wealth, and witnessed a most remarkable development of its resources, which, according to expert opinion, are manifold and practically inexhaustible.

Agriculture plays, of course, a very small part, owing to the peculiar topography and climatic conditions of that section of the country, although there has of late been quite an extension of the fruit-growing industry. It cannot be questioned that, before long, agriculture and horticulture will assume a more important position and become more profitable, especially in the valleys, where a proper system of irrigation can be introduced and perfected.

The mining industry will always engage the principal attention of the people of Colorado. Instead of being devoted chiefly to the production of the white metal, as used to be the case up to 1893, it is now being diversified. Of course, if the U. S. Government should enact a law providing for the free coinage of silver, this metal would once more become the most important product of the mining industry, and the State would be benefited to an enormous extent. The old silver camps are at present sadly neglected, and the output of silver has decreased very materially. Based on commercial value, the total annual production is worth about \$12,000,000, and it is, therefore, not surprising that silver mining towns have decreased in wealth and population since the repeal of the Sherman act. The earnings of the Denver & Rio Grande Ry. Co., which have at all times been regarded as a true index of the prosperity of Colorado, are even at present, when traffic is pretty heavy, less than they were in 1892.

The production of gold is increasing rapidly, not alone in Cripple Creek, but also in other camps located in various parts of the State. It is estimated that the total output in 1900 will be equal to \$35,000,000, compared with something like \$30,000,000 in 1899. Colorado is now the largest producer of gold in the United States, having, some time ago, superseded California. Owing to the steadily improving methods of treating ore, it is safe to assume that Colorado will remain in the lead for an indefinite length of time.

When visiting Cripple Creek, some weeks ago, I was greatly surprised at the appearance of the city. Like many other people, I had become possessed of an entirely erroneous idea regarding the camp and its inhabitants. Instead of a straggling, shabby-looking town, and a motley, rough, mining population, I found a substantially built, solid-looking, modern city, with good streets, first-class hotels, several large banks, an up-to-date fire-department, stores that would do honor to St. Louis, and a very nice, law-abiding, cultured and thrifty class of people. Taken



altogether, Cripple Creek made a first-class impression on me. I believe that a lady is safer, on the streets of this remarkable town, after 11 p. m., than she is on the streets of St. Louis.

Cripple Creek was twice devastated, once by a cyclone and then by fire. The energy and push of its people, however, overcome all obstacles and disasters and could not be daunted. The population is steadily increasing, and, according to what I heard, the production of gold is still in its infancy.

Up to about a month ago, the gambling dens were wide open and well-patronized. Since then, the municipal authorities have interfered and closed these resorts, although they encountered bitter and determined opposition. Whether they will be permanently successful, remains to be seen. Of course, there are parts of the city where the moral leper is very much in evidence, but it would be as impossible to suppress him or her in a mining camp as it would be in St. Louis. Maupassant's *femmes d'amour* are a necessary part of the human outfit of a mining camp.

One makes interesting acquaintances in Cripple Creek. In the shaft-house of a well-known mine I met an old man, dressed in the conventional, humble miner's garb, working as diligently as a young man of 35. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that he was 76 years old, although I would not have taken him to be older than 55. In the course of conversation, he told me that the land of his birth was England; that he had participated in the Crimean war; that he had been Prosecuting Attorney of a county down in Texas and been searching for gold in New Mexico thirty years ago. He was also the possessor of a medical diploma. He proved to be a gentleman of wide knowledge, experience and culture, and gave me considerable information about mining and miners. In the evening, I met him again at a literary entertainment and concert, in the Masonic Temple Building, and I must confess that I hardly recognized the old gentleman in his changed and fashionable attire.

They told me that the miners work eight hours per day, and that the minimum amount of wages is \$3. Those that are not satisfied, or are "broke," go to the placer mines at the foot of Pike's peak, where some manage to make as much as \$25 per day, at times.

In addition to gold and silver, Colorado produces about \$7,000,000 worth of lead, \$2,500,000 worth of copper and \$1,000,000 worth of magniferous iron. Five-sevenths of the gold is produced at Cripple Creek. It is believed that there are also rich deposits of bituminous and anthracite coal in Colorado, and eastern capitalists are contemplating large investments in coal properties.

The mining boom in Colorado Springs, on the stock exchange, appears to be on the down-grade, at least for the time being. There have been some sharp declines in various leading stocks, especially in Isabella, which pays 12 per cent. per annum. The stock dropped from almost \$2.00 to \$0.92 in the last few days. A good many Eastern "suckers" have burnt their fingers very badly and received an expensive lesson in mining speculation. I received reliable information that some prominent mining companies are enormously overcapitalized, and that sensational developments may be expected before a great while. Stock-jobbing, it seems, has been reduced to a science in Colorado Springs, and some of the tricksters could give cards and spades to our old friends in Wall street. Dividends are being declared that have never been earned, in order to allow insiders to boost prices, and give them an opportunity to liquidate at handsome profits. On the other hand, there are certain cliques that conceal the value of properties with sedulous care; that misrepresent the value of ore, so as to deceive and tire out innocent stockholders, and induce them to sell at low prices. Anybody that wishes an investment of this kind should conduct a personal investigation, if endowed with the requisite knowledge and experience, or else secure reliable and disinterested opinion, if at all obtainable, and not go it blindly. While some speculators have made fortunes, the majority has pocketed losses. One striking feature of the Colorado Springs mining stock exchange is the youthful appearance of most of the members. Some of the brokers are mere boys. I made the same observation in the exchange at Cripple Creek.

Of course, there are some very conservatively and ably managed properties in the Cripple Creek district, the shares of which may be regarded as a good and attractive investment. In determining the value of stocks, one

should closely scan the personnel of the management and its past record. There is no valid reason why Colorado mining stocks should not prove as desirable investments as some South African or Australian shares, which are recommended by the best-known and most reputable financial writers of Europe. At the present time, however, there is a good deal of swindle and of bunco-game connected with many Western mining stocks, just as there has been in the past.

It is stated, that Mr. Stratton, the mining millionaire, is contemplating vast improvements in and around Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek. He has bought up all the street car lines in Colorado Springs and will, it is said, build an extension to Pueblo. His mining properties are managed in conformity with modern scientific methods, and he is increasing his holdings right along.

There is plenty of room for young men of push, energy and ambition in Colorado. The famous advice of Horace Greeley still holds good. I talked to men that left the East, some ten or fifteen years ago, with hardly anything to their name, and that are now flourishing merchants or mine-owners. There is an air of activity, buoyancy and optimism about Colorado and its people that is exceedingly refreshing to every arrival from the effete East. The average tourist leaves the State with regret, and with expanded and new ideas regarding this great and wonderful country of ours.

Francis A. Huter.

## THE FLAUNTING OF THE FROUZE.

A HARANGUE ON THE PREVALENT HAIR FASHION.

[FOR THE MIRROR.]

SOCIETY to-day witnesses, in its many graded circles, the presence of a new creature; not a new style, merely, since style is only an outward expression of inward force or mental make up; but an out-and-out new creature, who, in a process of deterioration, has discarded, or lost, certain ideals and standards which the fair sex has for generations maintained as belonging rightfully to the realm of beauty, and essential to the character of true ladyhood.

There is no appellation so accurately descriptive of the modern misery which is the subject of this dissertation as the Frouze—the feminine breath-of-life who no longer employs comb and brush in the manipulation of the tressful crown of glory which Nature gave for her adornment, but who, to appearances, uses pitchforks, rakes, harrows and curry-combs with which to dishevel her hair, in ways and forms that are a caricature upon hair-dressing, and make nineteenth century womanhood hideous to all beholders. Alas! that the dear head has passed, with its glossy cleanliness, orderly arrangement of braids, graceful placing of waves, curls and satin-finished strands, and its visible assurance that "sloven" is not the synonym of "lady."

Regretful eyes now behold, in all private places—parlor, bedroom and kitchen—and in all public places—church, car, street and theatre—unkempt, straggling, overhanging, high-pitched, swaying shocks, rifts and rabbles of hair which American women of the present day, both young and old, have self-mesmerized themselves into believing to be beautiful—rather stylish.

'Tis a horror, this hair with which every breeze disports itself, with which every zephyr flirts and frivols, which outrages all artistic sense, which wears the look of neglect and barbarism, and which, worse than all, invades the domain of our cooking, and too often hides itself in the savory and tempting viands prepared beneath its reckless canopy, to the disgust of palate and peril of windpipe, turning the human anatomy fairly inside out in the effort to eject an offending form of materiality. So intolerable is the neglect and style of the female head, as seen to-day in the American kitchen, doubtless the old time cooks, could they rise from their long rest, would contemplate with amazement the amiability with which the modern mistress witnesses daily violation of kitchen propriety and decency long ago established, not to speak of the eternal fitness of things.

But the modern mistress is herself chief offender, the criminal. She has set the example. She first led off with bangs, frizzes and fringes. She turned Frouzy Head, and of course all maids and matrons in humble spheres followed; and now no greater indignity can be offered the divinity of the cook-stove (or gas range) than to intimate that hair is

not a pleasing ingredient in the pie or pudding, not an appetizing sauce or condiment with roast or fowl. From bangs which fell down upon the rights of eye-brows, we have leaped, with equal absurdity, to the Japanese pompadour, or crescent-roll mode of dressing the hair—an unbecoming-to-all style strongly resembling a black or other-colored cat haloing the face of belle and bottle-washer. Even the pretty school girls, hardly in their teens, have gone daft on this hair-fluffing fad. Peep under their hats and see pretty faces made homely by a frouzy framework of unmanaged hair! Silly kits they are, whose tabby mothers should teach them better—by example.

The question arises, what has induced women to be willing that their heads shall look like birds-nests wrecked in cyclones, haystacks visited by hurricanes, briar patches rent by storms, or fringe trees struck by lightning? It does not please men, the goal towards which all women are accredited with striving. No more fruitful theme for detraction and ridicule than women's hair-dressing (or need of it) enters into the masculine soliloquy or dialogue of the day.

Think what the modern husband has to endure from the prevalent fashion of tousled hair! He no longer, at his home table, sits opposite the smooth lady-head that formerly served tea and coffee without risk from stray hair. Wife, daughter, maid alike loom up before his vision with a style from which the wild men of Borneo would flee in fright.

What right have we to laugh at and ridicule the Mongolian queue or the oiled and plastered pate of any Oriental? Ridicule nothing; when we have under our eyes so many freaks and frights of Fashion's home production!

If woman's aims, ideals and advancement are expressed in the hair-dressing of to-day, Heaven help us, and turn the feminine procession from the way it is heading!

While the American people are putting up many Presidential candidates, it might be wise to run one for the high place who would make a return to the rightful use of combs and brushes the "paramount issue," and, if elected, would call an immediate session of Congress to frame laws for the enforcement of that plank in his platform.

Juliet B. Foley.

## FREDERICK NIETZSCHE.

THE LATE MAD GERMAN PHILOSOPHER.

SHORTLY after the announcement of the death of Frederick Nietzsche, Germany's mad philosopher, the MIRROR commented upon his philosophy in a brief "reflection." Several readers have written asking for more definite information concerning Nietzsche's theory of things. In response to these is presented herewith a condensation of an article upon Nietzsche and his philosophy, in the London *Spectator*.

An old Puritan is said to have observed that he could never believe that God created two classes of men,—one born with saddles on their backs, the other born booted and spurred in order to ride them. The exact opposite view of mankind was held by Nietzsche, who died at Weimar, the city that gave shelter to Herder, Goethe and Schiller—Herder, who constructed a universal history based on ideas which Nietzsche held up to ridicule; Goethe, the world-genius, who declared, but a few days before his death, that the sole purpose of the world appeared to him to provide a physical basis for the growth of spirit; Schiller, the humane, democratic poet, loved in the German home,—all having little in common with the anarchic thinker and his brutal social philosophy of the slave and the *ueber-mensch*. Nietzsche died sixty-eight years after Goethe, and the question arises whether the Nietzsche doctrine manifests a disbelief in the genuine humanizing visions of an earlier generation, whether it is the result of a growing cult of brute force and practical materialism which the future historian will say marked the last years of the nineteenth century.

Nietzsche's life was a comparatively uneventful one until the mental malady overtook him which caused his retirement from the world. He was a university graduate, a learned man in the thorough German method, a soldier in the Franco-German War, a traveler until his mind gave way, and then a lunatic in close confinement. It is possible, however, to see in the leading events of his life some of the causes which lead to his strange and scarcely sane theories of mankind and history. He was brought up in a Germany



becoming more and more militarized, and he served in a war which probably led him to take a military point of view, to look on human society from the physical force standpoint. Few soldiers, unless they were very great men, like Marcus Aurelius, Charles the Great, Alfred, Washington, have been able to regard mankind from a philosophically humane point of view. To Napoleon or Frederick the Great men were convenient instruments to be sacrificed wholesale in furtherance of ulterior designs. Thus Nietzsche thought. But, on the other hand, he was a man of learning and intellect, and these qualities are reflected all through his scrappy and hysterical writings. Though he quite misconceived human history, and though his ideas if carried out would have robbed the world of much of its finest literature, yet it must be confessed that he knew history and literature as the scholar knows them. It is a delicate matter, and it would be unjust to the dead man to dwell on his insanity; but this much may be said, that Nietzsche never could have had a balanced mind, and that the final stage in his life's pilgrimage was but the outcome of fatal tendencies long lurking in his mind. His is really one of the instances in which there is something to be said for Lombroso's exaggerated notions of the close relations existing between intellect and abnormal conditions. No man can be entirely explained; the "abysmal depths of personality" will never be sounded by any human plummet. But we suggest these conditions as tending to form the late writer, and to be accountable in some degree for his general views.

To Nietzsche the world was composed of two classes, masters and slaves,—the noble, free, handsome, blonde, muscular, full-blooded, ruling caste, and the black-browed, stunted, cringing, feeble, servile cast. The former is the *ueber-mensch* or "over-man," whose will is his law, for whom all the best things in the world exist, for whom are the pleasures of wine, women and song, who is the natural-born ruler, and upon whose reckless audacity the progress of the world depends. He owns no allegiance to any being or law (save the inevitable and purely physical laws of unconscious Nature), for Herr Nietzsche not only abolished God from the world, he frankly and logically abolished morality also, so far as the "over-man" is concerned.

Morality is for Nietzsche the deadly thing, the fatal bar to human progress and happiness. What is called morality is, he says, an artificial product evolved by the slave mind to further his own interests. It is disagreeable to the slave to be used and regarded as a mere tool, as a serviceable agent to minister to the demands of the superior man, and therefore he invents a moral code supported by religious sanctions and set forth by corporations of priests, which will protect him and impose on the blonde barbarian who rules his fate. This morality, this religion is pretended to be divine, and it is in this way that religious and ethical codes have come to dominate mankind, and have even been partly accepted by the masters of the world. In this way the lower or slave element has contrived to exercise his share in the ruling of the world. By great slave combinations aided by priesthods the physical activity, the imperious will, of the superior peoples have been checked, with the result of that human anæmia which we call civilization.

To illustrate this curious proposition Nietzsche falls back on two great historical examples,—Roman Imperialism and Christianity.

The Roman Empire is for him the great typical instance of a splendid Power, devoid of any moral scruples, joring in the pride of life, crushing out all mean rivals, all physical inferiors, enslaving without remorse all who are only worth being enslaved, dominating the world by valor, audacity, unbending will. Rome is the fullest expression known of the law and will of the "blonde beast."

On the other hand is the Christian Church, the refuge of the mean, cowering, black-browed slave, who, shivering in dread before his master, takes refuge in inwardness, in obedience to the will of God and in thoughts of the life to come. His visions and beliefs his incantations and prayers, are, after a time, organized into a system by a great priesthood which will and must always rely ultimately on the poor, and thus the proud, imperious instincts of the governing part of the world are met by the pious, priest-ridden interests and emotions of the slave part.

Such, in essence, is the central idea of the dead German rhapsodist,—for thinker, in the true sense of the word, we cannot call him. To refute completely this extraordinary

perversion of history, philosophy, and common-sense would need a volume, and then would be superfluous; for such a creed, though professed by some and unconsciously held by others, can never take serious hold of men. If it did, social relations would be impossible, and society itself (not this or that particular form of it) would dissolve in wild disorder.

It need scarcely be said that Nietzsche's history is so faulty as to be ridiculous. Rome, instead of being made up of the non-moral *ueber-mensch*, "beyond good and evil," was in its inception, and for centuries of its existence, perhaps the most moral community in history, and it was successful, and even beneficent, just so far as it was moral. The early Roman religion was a religion of strict moral duties, and it enjoined severe punishment for infraction of moral law.

As for Nietzsche's conception of Christianity and the purity and love it enjoins, it is of course waste of time to reason with one who believes that morality is a mere convention and that God does not exist. But it may at least be pointed out that Nietzsche's own hero, the great Iranian Zoroaster, based his entire religious system on absolute obedience to the commands of the Good Power,—a moral obedience to a Divinity whose commands were moral. The truth is that all mankind, "blonde beasts" as well as low, stunted, black-browed slaves, Brahmins and Sudras, East and West, have been compelled to live by moral law; either held to be revealed by a living God or to be the expression of one's own being. And on that structure of innate morality have been laid the foundations of the stately temples of religion, ever more and more expressive of the deeper aspirations of the soul. If Nietzsche knew nothing of this aspiration, we can but pity his memory.

#### AD SODALES.

(For the MIRROR.)

The old familiar faces,—Lamb.

I HAVE had friends, the firstlings of my bosom,  
Friends of my candid youth, whom I loved truly,  
Loved with a love that springeth not for woman;  
Yet are they gone, and so my heart is lonely.

O the white nights that we outstayed in wassail!  
Behind each pipe and stein a conscious poet:  
And all the poems that we vowed each other—  
Alack! the poems never sung or written.

Gone are those nights, e'en as the curling nimbus  
That wove round each young brow a mythic laurel;  
Lost is the poem with the yeasty nectar,  
The laughing lads, the dithyrambic riot.

Friend of that shining time, who hath turned from me,  
Estranged, embittered by the tongue of envy,  
Think of the days that we may weep together—  
Come back, come back unto this heart so lonely!

My hair is gray, my heart hath aged full sooner;  
Thou wearest, too, the weeds of thine own weaving;  
Yet from the genial glass may rise the vision,  
The golden promise of our youth departed.

But yester-week I saw a ghost at noonday—  
Prince of our riant revels, I scarce knew him  
Who coldly answered to my joyous greeting,  
And left me there, with heart so sick and lonely.

I chose a wife for simple faith and beauty,  
And children fill my house with happy clamor;  
Yet, when the night hath folded all in slumber,  
My heart awakes and lists for other voices.

And she, my early love, she, too, hath vanished,  
E'en with the word that bound us at the altar.  
Little she dreams, my love of patient seeming,  
How oft in her dear smile this heart is lonely.

I reckon not of the world nor of its praises—  
Let him who wins it wear the paltry laurel—  
Yet, would I risk my soul for that lost vision,  
The pipe and stein, the poet and the poem!

Too late, too late!—within my glass the amber  
Dies to a sullen eye, a boding devil:  
My pipe's red life sighs out in bitter ashes—  
And naught is left me, save this heart so lonely.

Michael Monahan.

## THE AWAKENING.

A BUSINESS MAN'S STORY.

BUSHNELL threw down his pen so savagely that the ink splashed over the blotter.

"There," he said, pushing a sheet of paper covered with figures toward the other man, "you will find a full statement there of both assets and liabilities," and he leaned back in his chair with a sigh of utter weariness.

Rogers took the paper and ran his eye down the columns with a rapidity gained by long practice. As he saw the totals, he glanced at Bushnell in a surprised way.

"You will pay out dollar for dollar," he remarked. "That is good."

"Yes," said Bushnell, gloomily, "it is the one redeeming feature of the whole business."

The other hesitated a moment, as though at a loss how to continue, and pulled nervously at his mustache.

"The two amounts balance exactly, or nearly so," he said, at last. "There will be nothing left for you."

"I know it," snapped Bushnell, shortly. "You need not remind me of it, Rogers. Do you suppose I am an idiot?"

The lawyer glanced at his friend from under his eyebrows, and hesitated again. Evidently what he had to say was not easily said.

"I suppose you know," he continued, finally, "that this is not necessary; that there are ways in which it could be avoided?"

Bushnell stirred impatiently in his chair, but he did not meet the other's eyes.

"Yes," he said, irritably, "I know it. I went over all that ground this afternoon. Don't remind me of it. I have fought that battle."

Rogers nodded gravely.

"That's more than most men can say," he remarked. "It was my duty as your lawyer, to remind you of every possibility. I am glad you choose the other way."

It was a great deal for the hard-headed man of business to say, and he turned back to the paper with pursed lips and a face slightly reddened by unaccustomed emotion.

"It is a good showing," he said, at last. "Much better than the street has any reason to expect—or any right to expect, for that matter. This is the statement you wish posted?"

"Yes," answered Bushnell, "that's what I made it out for," and then, as the other arose to go, "I want to get out of town for a few days, Rogers. I'm beginning to feel run down, with the accursed worry. I'll not be needed here, will I?"

"No. I can attend to everything, I think," and the lawyer folded the statement carefully and put it in his pocketbook. "Where can I reach you, in case I need you?"

"At Lexington, Greene County."

"In the Catskills?"

"Yes."

"Born there, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"All right," and the lawyer turned toward the door. "That's the best place to go, I'm sure. Good-bye. I hope the rest will do you good."

"Thanks," and Bushnell pulled himself to his feet. The two men shook hands. "Good-bye," he said.

Bushnell dropped back into his chair as the door closed. His head fell forward on his hands, and the bitterness and futility of it all weighted him down. The rush and roar of the street drifted in through the windows and filled the room, but he did not hear it, for he was far away. He had left that little village in the Catskills full of hope and purpose—it was not long ago in time, but how long in events—and for a space it seemed he was to win his battle against the street. For he had determined to win. It had come upon him suddenly—this fever to show the stuff that was in him—and he had thought it all out one moonlight night away up on the side of Vly Mountain. He had laid his plans carefully and had dreamed of millions. But the odds had been too great, and he had been caught in the ruins of the edifice, which his own brain had built, and crushed utterly. But the bitterest thought of all was that he must go back empty-handed, when he had hoped to take so much. It was not for himself alone he had hoped to win.

The station at Shandakin, a long, low, grimy structure,



was almost deserted as Bushnell stepped off the train the next afternoon. Only the stage was there, as it was every day, ready for the ten-mile journey over the hills to Lexington, and he grasped the hand of the old driver with real warmth.

"I'm glad to see you, Jim," he said. "How are all the folks?"

"Oh, they're all right, I reckon. But you look kind er peaked, Mr. Bushnell. Been workin' too hard, I 'spect." Bushnell laughed.

"That may be it," he said. "Any way, I decided that a week or two back here in the hills would do me good."

"So 'twill," nodded the driver, "an' the folks will be glad to see you, I reckon. Got any luggage?"

"Only this," and Bushnell held up the grip he carried in his hand.

"All right. Pile in. You're the only passenger."

Bushnell "piled in" accordingly. Jim clambered to the front seat, clucked to the horses, and they were off. The road for the first few miles wound through a wood of stately pines, and Bushnell lay back in his seat and took great breaths of the fragrant air, and felt his pulse beating with renewed vigor. Up and up climbed the coach toward the "notch," a mere dent in the chain of mountains, and the air grew cool and bracing. A brook plashed along by the side of the road, and Bushnell remembered with peculiar vividness how many trout he had caught in it when he was a boy. He felt his hands itching to get hold of a pole again, and the nostalgia of asphalt and crowded streets, which had been on him for the past two years, slipped him imperceptibly.

The sun was dipping behind the range of hills in the West as they reached the summit of the notch, and stopped to get a drink from the spring which bubbled from beneath a great rock at the roadside. An old fruit can was the only drinking vessel, but Bushnell took a long draught of the sparkling water. He felt his brain clearing, his nerves growing steadier, and the great city, with its crush of money-hunters, seemed very far away.

The horses felt their way cautiously down into the valley on the other side of the ridge, and sped on through the dusk toward home. The noises of the night began to sound from the wood on either hand—the croaking of the frogs, the chirping of the crickets. How long it had been since he had heard them! It almost seemed as if they were welcoming him back. The air seemed charged with electricity. Now they were near the Schoharie, and its waters danced with phosphorescence as they plashed noisily over the stones. Surely this was better music than that of the ticker, and Bushnell breathed a sigh of thankfulness that he left the uproar of the street far behind.

At last he saw the twinkling lights which told him that he was near his journey's end. They danced and brightened and grew larger. A dog barked, and two or three women came to the doors to see the coach go by. But Bushnell was looking through the window up toward the hillside. His heart leaped as he saw a light there.

"Jim," he said, suddenly, "let me down here. Take my bag on to the house and tell them I'll be there in the course of half an hour."

The driver pulled up his horses without a word, and watched Bushnell for a moment as he struck off up the hillside. And when he clucked to his horses again, there was a light of comprehension in his eyes.

Bushnell climbed steadily upward along the path. The unaccustomed exercise made him breathe quickly, but in a moment he saw the house standing out against the sky, its windows warm with light. How well he knew the path. His throat contracted queerly as he went on toward it, and his heart leaped suddenly, for he saw something white running toward him.

"Oh, Tom," cried a girl's voice, and in an instant she was in his arms.

For a moment he could not speak. He could only gaze down into her upturned eyes. And as she looked up at him, she saw the cloud upon his face and drew quickly away.

"What is it, Tom?" she asked. "What has happened?"

He dropped her hands, with a feeling that he had no right to hold them.

"The worst that could happen," he answered, bitterly.

"I have played—and lost."

"Lost?" she echoed.

"Yes, lost."

"Do you mean that you have failed?" she asked, coming closer to him, her face suddenly white.

"That's it. Failed. For every dollar I'm worth."

She put her hands upon his arm and he could feel them trembling.

"Tom, tell me," she whispered, "did you lose it all—theirs as well as yours?"

He laughed, but with a touch of anger in his voice.

"It's not quite so bad as that. I didn't lose a cent of any one else's money—only all my own. Isn't that enough?"

The color came back into her face in a great wave.

"Oh, I am so glad," she cried. "So glad," and she came close to him and clasped her arms about his neck and kissed him. The moon was silencing the tree-tops and flooding the valley with soft radiance. "Look about you, Tom," she said, still holding him with one hand. "It is a good world that you left—a sweet world. It is worth living in. Now, tell me, what does money matter?"

He looked about at the horizon and back again into her eyes.

"It doesn't matter," he said, "not here. Not a bit."

And the leaves of the trees and the waters of the brook seemed to catch up the words and send them echoing up and down the valley. "It doesn't matter, not here. Not a bit."

For a moment she stood so, looking at him.

"It was a dream," she said, at last, very softly. "Only a dream. Forget it, dear. This is the awakening. Is it not a sweet one, Tom?"

Burton Egbert Stevenson, in the Independent.



## THE CHINESE AS POETS.

SOME SPECIMENS OF THEIR SINGING.

THOSE who have visited Chinatown in San Francisco or New York, or who know the Chinese principally upon the side of the domestic utilities, will probably find it difficult to believe that this people possess a poetic literature which contains passages said to be as tender as any sung by the Hellenic bards. This literature exists in voluminous collections, which are yet unknown to Europe and America. A writer in the *New York Mail and Express*, who has heard several educated Chinese in New York recite some of these native poems, writes an article about them, the following condensation of which was made for the *Literary Digest*:

"In lyrical poetry the most distinguished writers are Li Thai Pe and Tu Su, both of whom flourished at the beginning of the eighth century. A. D. Davis, in his 'On the Poetry of the Chinese,' in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, speaks highly of their verses. The romantic poetry of the Chinese, although void of poetic beauty according to the Caucasian standard, is valuable for the insight it gives into their domestic life. Their dramatic poetry has laws peculiar to itself, and resembles partly the romantic drama of the Germans and partly the *Comedia delle Arte* of the Italians. . . .

"An example of philosophy is found in the following verses from Tai Ya, extracted from a collection of odes written under the first emperors of the Cheu dynasty. During the time of Le Wang, B.C. 850, the affairs of the state were in disorder, and thus Tai Ya complains:

Against that mild and hostile gale  
The panting traveler's strength must fail.  
Willingly would the people bring  
Good words of wisdom to their king;  
But ah! they are compelled to say,  
The time to act is far away.  
It would be better for us now  
To seek the fields and delve and plow;  
Resign state service, and instead  
Toil with the people for our bread.  
To labor in the fields all day,  
It is a heavy price to pay;  
But it were better not to grieve  
And earn by toil wherewith to live.

"The ancient poet Su was evidently a lover of sylvan solitude, and, as a poet born, one whose communion with nature taught to him many philosophies. His reference to the 'gay world' will strike as a queer note upon the sensibilities of surfeited New York. This is what he says:

To a new and lovely home,  
Seeking quiet I have come,  
Cherishing, while none intrude,

Thoughts in love and solitude.  
Mountain prospects front my door,  
And the Tung flows on before.  
In its waters deep I see  
Images of house and tree.  
'Neath that thicket of bamboo  
Snow lies all the winter through.  
In my darkened cottage home  
Long ere nightfall all is gloom.

"Of the modern Chinese poets, Commissioner Lin, or, as the Emperor dubbed him, Wan Chung Kung, 'the literary and faithful,' was among the most noted. He was born in Fuh-Chow-Foo about 1787, was distinguished as a scholar, and held many high offices under the Government. He was commissioned in 1838 and charged 'to punish the consumers of opium,' wherein the activity and vigor of his policy was the immediate cause of hastening the rupture between England and China and of bringing on the 'opium war.' In consequence of his too faithful discharge of duty he was banished to E-li, a desolate region of the far northwest territories of China, and while on his banishment there these stanzas were written:

Proud towers the frowning wall that bounds the west,  
Here the tired exile reins his steed—to rest.  
Turret on turret in mid-air suspended  
Till with the distant woods of Shen-se blended;  
Tower rears on tower upon the Sze-Chuen clouds,  
And mighty mountain upon mountain crowds;  
Their craggy peaks up to heaven's bound do rise,  
While the waste's vast extension dims men's eyes.

"There is a charm of real tenderness in Lin's verses to his wife, expressing the delight he felt at receiving her portrait—assurance in his exile of her unchangeable affection. She is spoken of as a woman of high education, but appears to have suffered from some deformity in her hands, to which he makes allusion in his address. This is only an extract:

Like the wild water-fowls, in mutual love  
Each upon each dependent, did we move;  
But now—grief-stricken—a poor, lonely man,  
I roam in desolate exile! Still the ban  
Of separation is less hard from thee—  
Beloved! than would the horse-hide cement be!  
Why should I weep?—I breathe the mountain air,  
Although a herdsman's humble garb I wear—  
Yet I must weep—for my mind's troubled eye  
Sees thee on suffering's couch of misery:  
The gay cosmetics all neglected—thou  
Dost never need the flattering mirror now;  
Yet thy fair characters in verse outpoured,  
Have raptured all my soul—mine own adored!  
I see thee—welcome thee—in every line,  
Whose every pencil touch, dear Wife, is thine!"



## A HOT, LITTLE PLANET.

APTLY NAMED FOR THE GOD OF LOVE.

THE astronomer in charge of the Harvard Observatory, at Arequipa, Peru, announces that, in April last, he succeeded in obtaining four photographs of the recently discovered planet, Eros. This tiny orb—a veritable toy world, it might be called—is only about nine miles in diameter. One reason for the interest attaching to it is that it is the nearest to the earth, and nearest likewise to the sun, of all the minor planets. In 1894 it was only 15,000,000 miles away from us, a mere trifle of distance from an astronomical point of view, and next November it will approach within 28,000,000 miles.

There are about four hundred minor planets so far discovered, though doubtless many more, as yet unfound, exist. The first ones were located early in the present century, one of them being Vesta, which is, perhaps, the biggest of the whole lot, being about 240 miles in diameter. In area these baby sisters of the Earth may be said to equal various States of the Union, ranging from Rhode Island to some of the larger ones.

Eros, being nearest to the sun, must be warmer than any of the other minor planets—a fact that has a bearing on the possibility that it may be inhabited. The question whether these toy worlds are occupied by any forms of life is extremely interesting, though likely to remain unanswered. So slight is the gravity power of a planet nine miles in diameter that an ordinary man on Eros would be able to hurl away a half-ton stone with such velocity that it would never come back out of the realms of space. The photographs taken at Arequipa were made by Dr. Delisle Stewart.

The Saturday Evening Post.



## FOR REFORM IN ST. LOUIS.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I observed that my communication signed "Real Estate," which appeared in the *Republic* of the 5th inst., attracted your attention.

A mistake was, doubtless, made in calling the proposed organization a "Municipal Reform Association" as many, from the designation, might suppose that the object of the Association was to form a separate ticket of those candidates receiving the endorsement of the Association.

A "Voters Guide Association," or "Voters Information Bureau" would probably be more appropriate as they express my idea more clearly; it not being the intention to endorse candidates, but to oppose unfit candidates. Reflect upon the number of times the average voter casts his ballot, knowing nothing whatever about the candidate, and think, if you will, how much better it would be if they could get accurate information regarding his qualification from an Association the members of which, being composed of representative men, would command the respect and confidence of the voter.

From reports I have received from Cleveland, the Municipal League of that City has been very successful indeed. If successful there, why not here? My plan is somewhat similar, only I endeavor to improve on theirs.

Notwithstanding your criticism of my plan in your issue of last week, I am still opposed to independent movements, believing that, in nine cases out of ten, the worst candidate is elected. The men who are back of them, if conscientious in their motives, know nothing whatever of politics and you couldn't get a "baker's dozen" to stay around the polls on election day and solicit votes.

As an illustration of the great apathy among the men whom an independent movement would attract and be supported by, I will relate an incident which occurred a few weeks ago at the Mercantile Club.

Eleven gentlemen were dining together, one of whom had lately taken considerable interest in the politics of his ward. Several of those present were criticizing him for so doing and it naturally aroused the ire of the gentleman attacked. After quite an argument a poll was taken and it was discovered that out of the eleven "good citizens" (in my opinion the very worst,) only three could vote, the remaining eight not having registered for years. Judging from the discussion that took place, they will very likely not do so this fall.

Should, however, your ideas prevail, and an independent movement be launched, an association formed on the lines I suggested would not conflict, as through it we could keep off the independent ticket the "stalking horses" of certain cliques, which cliques, as you well know, have for years dominated our local affairs to the great detriment of the city.

I believe you and I want the same thing—a business-like administration—and the more publicity and discussion, the more likely we are to get it. So, keep hammering!

Permit me to say, in conclusion, that whatever the outcome of the present agitation, your exceptional article last spring on "What's the matter with St. Louis" has done an untold amount of good. My recollection is that you express in that article fully the sentiment of

St. Louis, Sept. 17th, 1900.

## HAS HORTON SOLD OUT?

The *Republic*, of Wednesday morning, scents a great item, but does not exactly catch it. It prints the following:

"Republican voters in the Twelfth Congressional District are beginning to wonder why W. M. Horton, the Republican nominee for Congress, does not show himself. The Horton campaign was supposed to have been opened at Druid's Hall Monday night. Mr. Horton was advertised to speak, but for some reason or other he did not appear. The Republican nominee for Congress was conspicuous by his absence.

"His candidacy is backed mainly by Superintendent Baumhoff of the Transit Company, and possibly Mr. Baumhoff desires to keep his man in the background as much as possible. The members of Chris Schawacker's Fifth Ward Club howled themselves hoarse last night for Horton, but their candidate was nowhere to be found. The result has been a dampening effect on the local Republicans, who feel that Mr. Horton is not permitted to make a speech, especially on such an occasion as the opening of his campaign. Mr. Horton, as was anticipated early in the campaign, has dropped out of sight. He seems to be a mysterious candidate, with a desire to avoid political meetings as much as possible."

The question is, has Col. Edward Butler bought off Mr. Horton? A number of franchise holders, for whom Col. Edward Butler does business with the municipal assembly, would like to help Mr. Butler elect his son to Congress. They feel that Mr. Horton is more useful to them in the City Council, of which he is a member, and will be for some time, than he could be in Congress. Republican party managers are inclined to trade off Horton with Democratic Indians for votes for the Republican city ticket. The Butler supporters are supposed to be willing to sacrifice all Democratic candidates for Butler. Mr. Horton is, so far as appearances go, making no campaign for election. Baumhoff, the Transit Company boss, is doing nothing for him. The voters of the district have no proof that Horton is a candidate, except what they see in the newspapers. Has Mr. Horton been induced to lay down? It looks that way. And if he has, what did he get for it?

The Committeeman.

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THE FAIR.

In the calendar of the year's amusements one of the greatest of festivals is the great and only St. Louis Fair. This event opens October 1 and closes October 6, six days of jollity, fun and racing. For forty years, old and young in St. Louis, and for a radius of one hundred miles therefrom, have looked forward to this grand carnival of sport and exposition of flowers, fruits, stock and farming appliances. Each year the attendance has increased over the preceding year, the public knowing that it is "a time to laugh." This year the great feature on the course will be the harness races, for which the fastest trotters in the West have been entered. These races begin Tuesday, October 2d, and continue until Friday, 5th. These are sufficiently interesting to attract large assemblages, but there are many other features of the amusement programme that will captivate young and old visitors. President Robert Aull and Secretary Murphy promise that the Fortieth Annual Fair shall be in all respects worthy of the record made in past years. As usual, the railroads will make excursion rates, so that our country friends

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## Handkerchiefs,

Embroidered by Hand.

A distinctive, unique and graceful gift for the holidays, at no great cost.

Orders should be placed now.

The work is done in Belfast, Ireland; is the very best work of the kind and requires from eight to twelve weeks for proper execution.

You can select your Handkerchiefs from our stock of all-linen goods, and the additional cost of embroidering initial, monogram, crest or autograph will average \$3.00 per dozen.

Orders placed during the next thirty days will be ready for delivery the first week in December.

For further details inquire at Handkerchief Department, Main Aisle, Broadway entrance.

Scruggs, Vanderwort & Barney

DRY GOODS COMPANY.

may take in the fair. As for the St. Louis folks they will need no pressing invitation to the Fair.

Diamonds and precious stones remounted in our own factory. Designs and estimates furnished and satisfaction guaranteed. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

In a car a small boy was observed to be suddenly agitated, but regained his self-control after a few moments. Soon after the conductor appeared and asked for fares. When he stood before the small boy there was a slight pause, and the passengers were surprised to hear the following: "Pleathe charge it to my papa; I've thwallowed the money."—*Boston Beacon*.



SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Lyna Chase has returned from Harbor Beach.

Mr. G. Giuseffi, of 3529 Olive street, has returned from New York.

Mrs. J. C. Kerr is entertaining her sister, Miss Sullivan, of Oxford, Miss.

Mr. and Mrs. Kotany have returned from their summer sojourn in the East.

Mrs. J. D. Hamilton of West Belle place has returned from Michigan resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. White have returned from their summer outing.

Mrs. Robert Davis, who has been all summer at Gratiot Beach, returned last week.

Mrs. Festus J. Wade and Miss Stella Wade have returned from their summer travels.

Mrs. Carlotta Wetmore, of Chicago, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Dwyer, of 5028 Westminster place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Siegrist, and their two young sons, have returned from their summer outing.

Mrs. Charles Cox, who has been making an Eastern tour with Mrs. John Harrison, has returned.

Mrs. W. J. Romer has returned from Mackinac, where she has been spending the summer with friends.

Miss Frances M'Fall of West Pine Boulevard will leave in a short time for Kirksville, Mo., to visit friends.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, and her daughter, Miss Helen Woods, returned last week from Glen Falls, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kuapp have returned from their summer outing, and are at the Westmoreland Hotel.

Mrs. S. B. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gill and Mr. and Mrs. Scott Parsons have returned from Minnesota.

Mrs. M. Firmin and her daughter, Lulu, have left for a trip through the mountains, and will stay some time in California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Doddridge, of Westminster place, are spending the summer at their farm in Wea Creek Valley, Kansas.

Mrs. E. A. Fallis accompanied by Miss Olive Fallis and Madame de Jarnette left on Saturday for New York, to spend ten days.

Mrs. Clark Sampson who has been summering at Marquette, Mich., with her daughters, returned the early part of the week.

Miss Bertha Mead who has been for some time the guest of her aunt, Mrs. M'Laran, left on Tuesday for her home in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Russell with their little son, and their sister, Miss Aline Kennerly, have returned home from the shores of Lake Michigan.

Mrs. Joe P. Carr and her young daughter, Miss Mimi Carr, who have been in the East with Mrs. Evremont Hope Norton, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett S. Brookes with their family, have returned home from Harbor Beach, and are now entertaining Miss Rose Youree, of Shreveport, La.

Miss Martha Berthold and her niece, Miss Virginia Sanford, of West Pine boulevard, have gone to Atlantic City and will pass a month or more in the East.

Col. and Mrs. John Ockerson have returned from Paris, where they have been for four months, and are again at home at 4217 Washington boulevard.

Dr. Fayette Ewing, has returned from a visit to his family in the Tennessee mountains. Mrs. Ewing and the young people will not return until the first of October.

Mrs. Berenice Stockton Jannoupolo, who has been at Narragansett Pier and in the Catskill mountains, has returned. Miss Maud Stockton, who has been with her all summer, has gone to New York, to join her mother.

The three young sons of Mrs. George Miltenberger have returned from Europe where they have been visiting London, Paris and Germany and the Passion Play at Oberammergau, with their governess.

Miss Susie Landers has returned from a trip to the Rocky mountains and Council Grove, Ark. Miss Landers was accompanied home by Miss Laura Hyde, grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hyde, formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roth are located at London after a visit to the Paris Exposition and a tour of the continent. Mr. and Mrs. Roth will reside in New York upon their return. They were to have sailed on August 22d, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Crawford, at Jamestown, but were detained.

Misses May Shields, Grace Green, Estelle Nast and Florida Reilly have just returned from Fort Scott, Kansas, where they attended the wedding of a classmate, Miss Ida Nultz, and served as her bridesmaids. They were entertained at a house party by the father of the bride and left immediately after the wedding.

Miss Clara Schmitz will be married this evening to Dr. Harry D'Oench. The wedding will be a very pretty affair. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride at 908 Morrison avenue, at six o'clock, Judge Zachritz officiating. The bride will wear a gown of white Paris muslin, made over a slip of white silk, and elaborately trimmed with lace and plisses of the same. The bodice will be worn low and she will carry a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Lucile Erskine, who will serve as maid of honor, will wear a chic toilette of white Paris Muslin made over white silk. The skirt will be slightly en traine, and finished around the bottom with an accordeon plaited flounce of the material trimmed with lace. The bodice will be low cut, with short sleeves and she will carry a bouquet of pink roses in a shower effect. After the ceremony there will be a small and informal reception for the near relatives of the young couple.

The marriage of Miss Hattie Ringen, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ringen, and Mr. Walter C. Allison, of St. Johns, New Brunswick, took place on Monday morning, at the home of the bride, at 4367 Delmar boulevard, Rev. Dr. Sneed, of the Compton Avenue Presbyterian church, officiating. The wedding was a simple although elegant affair, and only the immediate relatives of the young couple were present. Mr. John Ringen entered with his daughter and gave her away. The bride was gowned in her going away toilette of dark blue cloth made with stylish simplicity, and worn with a lace bodice. After the ceremony, a bridal breakfast was served, and Mr. and Mrs. Allison departed on the midday train for a western bridal tour. They will reside in Denver, Colorado, where the groom is engaged in business. Mr. Allison comes of a wealthy and aristocratic Canadian family, who reside in St. Johns, New Brunswick, and while in Denver a year or so ago, he became acquainted with his bride.

A simple and quiet wedding which took place on Monday, was that of Miss Mary Edith Hawken and Mr. Irvine A. McGirk, which was solemnized at high noon at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. D. D. Walker of No. 53 Vandeventer place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. S. Calmers, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the couple. The bride was gowned in a suit of dark blue broad cloth, tailor made, and worn with a stylish hat to match. All of the wedding arrangements were simple and quiet, owing to the recent death of an aunt of the bride, but, nevertheless, elegant in all details. Miss Hawken is the only daughter of Mrs. E. Hawken, who is a sister of Mrs. D. D. Walker, with whom Miss Hawken has resided for several years. Mr. McGirk has resided in St. Louis for several years, and is connected with one of the largest banking concerns in the city. After the ceremony the young couple departed for the north, and upon their return they will be at home to their friends at 5196 Kensington avenue, after October 15th.

A pretty wedding which occurred on Tuesday morning at half past eight o'clock, was that of Miss Marie Craft and Mr. Firmin Desloge Fusz. The ceremony took place at St. Marks church, Rev. Father O'Rourke officiating. The decorations were elaborate, and consisted of pink and white roses used in great profusion, and intermingled with smilax and ferns. The bride entered with her father. She was gowned in a toilette of white mousseline de soie, made over white silk. The skirt was en traine, and the bodice high, the whole trimmed with a garniture of fine old lace and silk applique. Miss Lucille Fusz served as maid of honor. She was also gowned in white, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Misses Genevieve Fusz and Virginia Craft, who were the bridesmaids, wore toilettes of pale pink mousseline, over pink silk, which were facsimiles of that worn by the maid of honor. They carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Eugene Fusz attended his brother as best man, and Messrs. Ralph P. Craft and F. X. Craft served as groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the home of the bride at 4949 Fountain Place, where a bridal breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Fusz departed on the midday train for a bridal tour east and North, and upon their return to the city, they will reside for the present at 4949 Fountain place. The invitations for a large wedding reception in the evening were recalled, owing to the critical illness of the bride's grandmother, and the

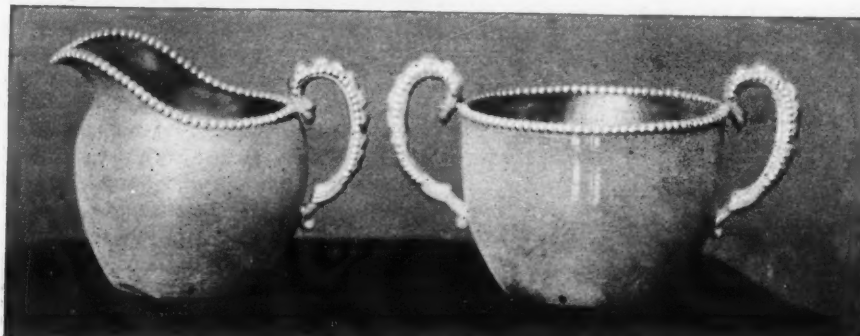
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Solid Silver Sugar Bowl and Cream Pitcher, twice as large both ways as illustration, gold lined, only, per pair.....\$14.00

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Send for Catalogue—3000 Engravings—Mailed free.

recent death of Mr. Desloge, an uncle of the groom.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Louise Homer, and Mr. George Franklin Allen, will take place this evening at the home of the parents of the bride at 4409 Morgan street. This will be a golden rod wedding. The bride will enter the drawing room on the arm of her father, Mr. William Bradford Homer, who will give her away. Mr. Allen and his best man, Mr. Walter Allen will meet the bride at the altar. The white satin ribbons, forming the aisle through which the bridal party will enter, will be held by four pretty children; on one side little Miss Leonora Strassburger and Master Bradford Homer, and on the other Miss Mary Homer and Master Allen Wilder. Miss Alice Adair will attend the bride as maid of honor. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Mr. Mac Ayeal of the Central Congregational Church, at seven o'clock. Miss Homer will wear a toilette of white peau de soie, en traine. The skirt is very simple and falls in almost classic folds. The bodice is made low with sleeves of d'esprit tucked, with a row of baby ribbon between each tuck. The tulle veil will be worn long and fastened with pearl pins. In lieu of a bouquet, Miss Homer will carry an elegantly bound missal. In front of her bodice will be worn a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. Miss Adair will be gowned in pale yellow mousseline de soie, over a slip of the same shade. The skirt will be en demi traine and

finished with an accordeon plaited ruffle of the same material edged with lace. The bodice will be cut low and outlined around the neck with a bertha of rare old point lace. Her bouquet will be of white roses. The two little misses who will hold the ribbons will also be gowned in pale yellow mousseline de soie, made with low neck and short sleeves and trimmed with ribbon and lace. A number of pretty girls will serve refreshments. They are Misses Maude Gunnison, May Allen, Margaret Wilkinson, and Jane Wilkinson. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will leave on the evening train for the South. Upon their return they will reside at 4638 Laclede avenue. Among the guests at the wedding will be Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Capen, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Capen, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Franklin Allen, Mesdames Edward Wilder, Charles Hughes of Portland, Oregon, J. C. Birge, Gaius Paddock, W. A. Funston, Misses Julia Lyle Currey, Irene Lathrop, Alice Griffith, Katherine Jones, Lillian Udell, Irene Knox, Clara Miller and Eva Miller.

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## WORLD OF WOMAN.

Exhibitions designed to show what women can accomplish are held from time to time, says W. L. Alden (in *Pearson's Magazine*.) At none of these exhibitions, however, has there been a display of women's tools. This is quite unaccountable, for the ingenuity shown by women in converting into tools things which were never designed for that purpose is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the sex. When a man wishes to do any piece of work which requires a tool, he searches for the proper instrument, and if he cannot find it, he fancies that the proposed work must be abandoned. A woman, on the contrary, is never at a moment's loss for a tool. She can take almost any object and put it to almost any use. There is a toothbrush handle. A man never thinks of a toothbrush as anything but a toothbrush, but a woman knows its endless capabilities. If a window frame rattles at night, she wedges it with the toothbrush. If she is suddenly required to stir a dose of medicine in a glass, and a spoon is not at hand, she promptly uses the toothbrush handle. She has even been known to use it to loosen the mould in a flower pot, and in extreme cases, she can drive in tin tacks with the same useful article. Then there is the hairpin. The uses to which a woman can put a hairpin are almost innumerable. Does a cork find its way to the bottom of a phial? A woman will immediately spear it with a hairpin, and extract it. Does she wish to bore a small hole in a piece of wood? She will heat a hairpin and burn the hole out with neatness and precision. With a hairbrush, unless it happen to have a silver back, she feels able to drive in the largest nail, to punish the most vigorous small boy, and to convert lump sugar into the finest of powdered sugar. She can make an excellent hammer with the heel of her boot, and can convert a case-knife into an efficient screw-driver. If a woman knew the process of building a boat she might be cast ashore on an uninhabited island with nothing but a hairpin, a toothbrush, and an ordinary-sized boot, and within a month she would turn out a seaworthy boat in which she would escape to civilization. A collection of the articles which women use as tools would not only be most interesting, but it would prove beyond controversy the inventive genius of the sex. It has been said by mere men that no woman ever makes a valuable invention. Of course, such an assertion is to the last degree ignorant, as well as malicious. The inventive genius of woman pursues a line of its own. It triumphs in converting the familiar objects of the bedroom and the dining-room into tools. This is something which man cannot do, and until man can do it the less he says in contempt of the inventive powers of women the better. Let us hope that at the next exhibition of women's work, their improvised tools will be shown, and women will be seen making use of them in the presence of male spectators.

The silly summer season is over now, and many a youth and maiden are losing sleep wondering how they may best extricate themselves from the matrimonial entanglements into which they entered so lightly a few weeks ago. On the principle that it is

always easier to get into such trouble than it is to get out, it is much less difficult to make an engagement than it is to break one. This is particularly true in the summer, when people seem as predestined to sentiment as the sparks are to fly upwards. Everything leads that way. There are love games in tennis. There is coupling golf on the links. There are bicycles and hammocks built for two. There is something in the sighing of the soft wind among the trees that sets young hearts to sighing in sympathy. The very way in which the little happy waves kiss the shore seems a dead straight tip from nature to kiss the lips that are nearest. It is a time when a man talks sentiment to any girl who is handy, simply because it is a moonlight night, and he has had a good dinner, and feels at peace with himself and all the world. It is a season when, in the absence of other men, and other standards of comparison, a girl often mistakes a tailor's dummy for a man, and gets engaged to it. Then, when they get home, and sit down to think, they wonder, like the politician, "where they are at," and whatever made them do it. Summer engagements are proverbially like pie crust; but you can't always break pie crust without making a muss, and sometimes it is so tough you can't break it at all. It is much easier for a woman to get out of a burdensome engagement than it is for a man. She has the inalienable right of her sex to change her mind as often as she pleases, without giving any reason for doing it. With him, breaking an engagement is a more complex matter, and many a poor fellow has felt himself growing gray wondering how he was going to get out of the glib promises he made under the trees or the unvarnished vows he swore by the sad sea waves. Few men have the courage to come right out and offer to be a brother to the woman who is looking for a husband, and so he tries, first, diplomatic neglect. He doesn't write. He is too busy to go to see her every night, like he used to, but the dear, forgiving creature pardons him without being asked, and he can no more shake her than he could a sticking plaster. Or it may be he tries to tire out her patience by a long engagement. She is a Jacob in petticoats, and would wait seven times seven years, and in the end he marches the lock step to the altar. Young people who are the victims of these hastily acquired engagements will be pleased to learn that it is not only possible to break an engagement now with ease, but with éclat. Society has taken cognizance of a long felt need, and it is announced that in Boston it is the proper thing now to send out cards, on such occasions, which read: "The many friends of Miss Smith and Mr. Jones will be interested in hearing that their engagement is off." Each is receiving congratulations. Inclosed is the card of Miss Smith. It is considered more chivalrous for Mr. Jones to lie low, and say nothing, and let the lady engineer the business. There are, of course, other engagements, the breaking of which means the tragedy of a life; engagements that are broken through treachery or faithlessness, and for some one the world was never sweet and beautiful with love, and radiant with hope again; but these are not the thirty-day contracts of idle young people, good only for the summer holidays.



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## LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.  
But this I know, when thou art fled,  
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
No clod so valueless shall be,  
As all that then remains of me.  
O, whither, whither dost thou fly,  
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,  
And in this strange divorce,  
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

To the vast ocean of empyreal flame,  
From whence thy essence came,  
Dost thou thy fight pursue, when freed  
From matter's base, encumbering weed?  
Or dost thou, hide from sight,  
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
Through blank, oblivious years the appointed  
hour

To break thy trance and reassume thy power?  
Yet canst thou, without thought or feeling be?  
O, say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

## THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin  
That never has known the barber's shear;  
All your wish is woman to win,  
This is the way that boys begin,—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;  
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window-panes,—  
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose beards are gray,  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grown and wearisome ere  
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,  
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
May pray and whisper, and we not list,  
Or look away, and never be miss'd,  
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier!  
How I loved her twenty years syne!  
Marian's married, but I sit here  
Alone and merry at Forty Year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.  
William Makepeace Thackeray.

## HE KNOWETH.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For, lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me,  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw  
The brook that springs from yonder height,  
So flows the good with equal law,  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;

Nor time, nor space, nor deep nor high,  
Shall keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

## JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer—  
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust,  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,  
Ordained that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
All Araby and Persia held their breath—

All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house, and there  
Harranged the tremblers at the scimitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man!" the caliph cried. The man  
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms, "Welcome, brave cords!"  
cried he.

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-  
hold fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said: "Let worth grow frenzied if it will,  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still,  
Go, and, since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took and, holding  
it  
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his  
star,  
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"  
Leigh Hunt.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut  
glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euchre  
prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile  
Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

## FILIPINO FINERY.

The Filipino costume is a very pretty one,  
(writes Frank G. Carpenter in his syndi-  
cated letter.) It is by no means inexpen-  
sive. Many of the gowns worn at the theatre  
or at balls by the better classes would be  
looked upon as costly anywhere. They are  
made of pina cloth, a material woven from  
the fibre of the pineapple. It is softer than  
silk and the strands are as fine as the hair of  
your baby. Some of the best pina costs \$25,  
in gold, a yard, and I am told it takes a woman  
three months of constant work to make one  
yard of this quality. There is, of course, a  
great deal that is much cheaper, some cost-  
ing not more than a dollar a yard. There  
are other cloths made of pina and silk, some  
made of hemp and some of other fibres,  
which have the same gauzy appearance, but  
nothing can equal the pina. I have asked  
some of my lady friends to tell me just what  
the Filipino's costume consists of. The  
women of the upper-classes wear, in the first  
place, a long chemise cut rather low in the  
neck and reaching almost to the feet. This  
chemise is edged with embroidery at the  
neck, and it also has a wide strip of em-  
broidery at the bottom. It is rather full, but  
it is clasped tightly about the body at the  
waist by a band of stiff cloth, which takes  
the place of the corset. Very few of the  
ladies wear corsets, and of the poorer women  
none. Over the chemise comes the jacket,  
which I have already described. This is  
very short, extending about half way down to  
the waist. About the waist and falling to  
the feet there is a skirt of silk or some other  
rich material, with a long train, which is

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shaped much like a beaver's tail. This trai  
is worn in the house and out. It is worn  
upon the streets, the woman usually carry-  
ing it over her arm, raising it high enough  
so that the beautiful hem of her chemise can  
be seen. In addition to this skirt many  
women wear a wide cloth about the waist  
extending a little below the knees. A pair  
of heelless slippers usually completes the  
costume. Only the ladies wear stockings  
and that only on full dress occasions. Such  
things as drawers and union suits of under-  
clothing are altogether unknown. As to  
stockings, there are about 4,000,000 females  
in the Philippine islands, and I venture  
there is not one girl in a thousand who has  
ever had on a stocking or a corset. Many  
of the peasant women do not even wear the  
chemise; they have on only the gauze jacket  
and a skirt, and the jacket is usually so short  
that a strip of bare brown skin shows at the  
waist between the jacket and the skirt. And  
still the women are very modest in their  
way. They think nothing of showing a  
shoulder or a section of bare brown leg as  
high as the knee, but they resent the slight-  
est attempt at familiarity, and are, as a rule,  
virtuous and good.

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Some of the most stylish hats, toques and  
bonnets of the fall season are being dis-  
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thus gained a warm place in the regard of  
its numerous patrons. Its formal opening  
has been attended by many society ladies  
each day, and as the cool weather has kept  
many indoors, the opening will be prolonged  
several days. Some of the exhibits are  
considered the prettiest ladies' headgear of  
the season, and the prices are, in all cases,  
very reasonable.

## ONE CHORE OVER.

"Amelia, it is a shame for us to quarrel  
this way before we start out."

"Oh, not at all, Edgar; if we have a  
right good quarrel now we won't have a  
thing to do but enjoy ourselves after we get  
on the train."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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## AT THE PLAY.

## THE BURGOMASTER.

Here's a skit that will amuse everybody. It was evidently constructed solely with a view to bringing about this result, and the Messrs Pixley and Luders have succeeded admirably in their design. Neither librettist nor composer seems to have been particular as to the source from which he derived the material used in putting the piece together, nor, apparently, are the people who go to see the show at all inclined to question the originality of the jokes and music. The management, further to make the audience easy, mentally, in a programme note urgently requests the people not to "worry" about "lapses from logical sequence and common sense" in the piece, which request is granted with much complacency. And so, if the Rip Van Winkle idea exploited in the prologue is not developed the enjoyment of the audience is in no way lessened. The people come to laugh and find much to excite their risibilities in the antics of the performers and the humor of the lines, though some of the jokes need to be sponged and cleansed of unnecessary smear.

There are musical numbers in profusion, but they are hardly of a character to warrant calling the piece a comic opera, so it must be classed with that brand of continuous vaudeville styled "musical comedy." For this class of entertainment, Mr. Gustave Luders has devised tunes and rhythms that put to shame all the efforts of Gus Kerker and his ilk. His music has snap and tinkle, and he has the knack of inventing the simplest, and at the same time the catchiest, kind of refrains for his songs. The "Tale of the Kangaroo" for instance is a swifty bit of melody of almost infantile simplicity, but it will stick in the memory and repeat itself over and over again. And there are many other numbers almost as pretty—all with sufficient resemblance to popular tunes now in vogue to capture the taste of the masses and still with enough individuality to give them the elements of novelty.

The most commendable feature of the performance of this clever piece is the female chorus. The girls are young and fresh looking, voiceful and active to an uncommon degree.

All their work, notably their dancing, shows individual capability and excellent drilling.

And what a big bunch of girls it is! They appear first as Dutch cadets, then soubrettes, college girls, college boys, seaside fairies and in other guises equally varied. One of the hits of the show, the "ragger" chorus and dance in which two of the girls—the fourth and the sixth as they enter—in make-up and action can give Ada Lewis and other famous "tough" girls cards and spades and beat them out.

Of the principals after Harry Davenport as the Burgomaster, Laura Joyce Bell deserves especial mention for an ingenious and intensely amusing burlesque on "Sapho." Miss Edith Yerrington sings vociferously, and Miss Lillian Coleman has a few low tones which she uses with some effect and others worthy of especial mention are Mr. Tom Ricketts as *Talkington*, and Mr. Knox Wilson as Doodle. Mr. Bassford has expatiated upon Miss Josephine Newman's jiggermerig stockings, in the *Republic*. She also sings fairly well, and dances nimbly, and fills her part as well as she fills her stockings.

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## MR. TIM MURPHY.

Mr. Tim Murphy is a very good actor. No one doubts that. He is also a popular man. But it is a mistake to send him on circuit in such a play as "A Bachelor's Romance." That is a Russell play. It is a play that is identified with Russell and his peculiarities. It is a play that has been seen here "in stock." The edge is all off it. Mr. Murphy deserves a better show for his talents. He is worthy of a new play, and is not a man who looks well in another man's shadow. The play at the Olympic is well put on. Mr. Murphy is well supported. But the thing is not the thing to display the qualities which are the best of Mr. Murphy, and that's all there is to say on the subject. Any but the most sparing approval of the exploitation of Mr. Murphy, in such a play, is an act of unkindness to Mr. Murphy.

The Lounge.

## COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Miss Evelyn Parson, of this city, last season a member of the Imperial Stock Company, and formerly a pupil Mr. Guy Lindsley, is now playing the leading juvenile role, "Azalie" in "At Piney Ridge." Her many friends will be delighted to see her at the Grand Opera House next week. Miss Parson is the daughter of John R. Parson, a well known merchant and prominent Mason. Mr. Parson is a member of the "Mystic Shriners," and that order, in honor of Miss Parson, will attend one of the performances in a body.

At the Imperial Theater the season will commence on the 23rd inst., at the matinee. "The Great Ruby" will be presented by the Imperial Stock Company, direction of Mr. R. L. Giffen. This melodrama has had successful runs elsewhere, and is considered one of the most powerful plays ever presented. In its production one hundred persons appear on the stage and the scenery is of the most gorgeous description, including interiors of palatial residences, ball-room scenes, etc. That it will attract crowded houses here may be taken for granted.

"A Runaway Girl" will be again seen next week at the Century Theatre, where it was presented last season. The management claims that the present organization is even better and stronger than at any seen heretofore. "A Runaway Girl" certainly possesses, in a marked degree, the many qualities necessary to make a popular musical success, as has been demonstrated by its continued retention in public favor. The songs of the play are catchy and inspiring and its comedy both clean and humorous. What changes have been made in the cast are reported to have resulted in a decided improvement. Mr. Arthur Dunn, the comedian of small stature but large fun-making powers, is the new "Flipper." Mr. John B. Park, Miss Celeste Wynne, Miss Clara Belle Jerome, and Miss Belle Travers are the new members among the principals.

Daniel Frohman's company, formerly of the Lyceum Theater, New York, now of Daly's, will begin an engagement of one week at the Olympic, opening next Monday evening. Three plays will be presented, all comedies, and with brilliant and successful runs in London and New York to their credit. They are, "The Maneuvers of Jane," "The Ambassador" and "Wheels Within Wheels." The former is by Henry Arthur Jones, from whose pen came "The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," "The Masqueraders" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan." It enjoyed a long run at Daly's Theater, New York, last season, and has been equally

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successful elsewhere. Its plot tells of the maneuvering of Jane Nangle, a beautiful, though headstrong young English woman, who successfully resists marrying the man of her father's choice, and weds a penniless, though honorable youth, whom she has picked out for herself. All through the four acts of the play, Jane is pursuing her wild tactics, and setting at defiance all the rules and regulations of well ordered and conventional society. "The Ambassador" is by "John Oliver Hobbes," as the American writer, Mrs. Craigie, styles herself. It is a play celebrated for its bright dialogue, and deals with aristocratic English society, though the scenes are laid in Paris. The play permits of brilliant costuming, of which the ladies of Mr. Frohman's Company have taken the fullest advantage. "Wheels Within Wheels" ran nearly all last season at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, and was the comedy hit of the Metropolis. It is by R. C. Carton, of "Liberty Hall" fame, who also wrote "Lord and Lady Algy." It has three acts. Mr. Frohman's Company is made up of unusually clever players; John Mason, the leading man, and Hilda Spong, the leading lady, being chosen with reference to their fitness for the roles they are now playing. And then there are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott, Jameson Lee Finney, William Courtenay Philip Cunningham, William F. Owen, Grant Stewart, Elizabeth Tyree, Rhoda Cameron, Gertrude Henriques, Ethel Hornick, Beatrice Morgan, Alison Skipworth, Blanch Kelleher and Minnie Bowen. The company has two carloads of scenery, as all three plays are given with the original furnishings, costumes and general effects which distinguished their respective runs in New York.

The "Jolly Grass Widows" combination is putting up a "warm" show at the Standard this week. Of course it has shapely female figures, singing, dancing, etc. In the olio are Finn and Dandy, Howard and Moore, Lorenz and Halpin and Gusie Vivian, the lively soubrette. Next week, commencing with the Sunday matinee, the "Bon Ton Burlesquers," will be the attraction.

Society stationery, in all the new tints, with monograms and crests stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

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### KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

#### THE MATINEE GIRL.

ON THINGS THEATRICAL IN GOTHAM.

First-nights are happening all over the place. It looks now as if we were to have a plethora of heroes. All these fusty historical characters that call for boots and feathers in the make-up are going to be sprung upon us without end.

We Matinee Girls don't care for that sort of thing. This going back to the deluge for romance and adventure is all fudge. There's plenty of it here to-day.

And the modern, up-to-date article is so much more real, actual and human than these fuss-and-feathers chaps, stalking about flashing their swords and jingling their trappings like carriage horses.

For my part I wish somebody would wake up and give us a good old New Yorky play, with people in the latest kind of clothes, the newest American talk and sentiment, fun and villainy of the most modern style.

But no! we must take our comedy Englished, Londonized, our farce Frenched, and go back to the dark ages when it comes to a real plot.

I wonder what the matter is with us, anyhow. In a little bit of a story that is now being done as a one-act play, Richard Harding Davis—I won't call him Dickie, although all the other girls do—has given us a glimpse of the sweetness, the sentiment, the pathos, the badness there is in life right here and now.

I mean "The Littlest Girl," that simplest of stories, yet with all the human elements in it. There is nothing moldy about it. In fact, a hasty rubberesque view of the literary and dramatic situation impresses me with the fact that Davis is the only writer who is taking advantage of the time we live in for his working ideas.

There seems to be a general idea that it's crude to pick plots out of the present. Yet we'll belong to the past some day and the writers of the future will, if they continue to be as dull as we are, delve and dig among us for material.

Anthony Hope once said to me. "We have to go further afield for our romance and adventure, but it's there."

For my part, I am tired of seeing Faversham and Sothern and Hackett in mousquetaire boots and ostrich plumes. A hero in a Tuxedo or a Poole mackintosh is far more real and interesting, and the chappies at the windows of the clubs along Fifth Avenue have just the same feelings and emotions and sentiments as these way-backs that our playwrights are giving us in such abundance.

Of course, they don't parade their fights and their loves as they used to in the olden time. That's why they are so much more interesting. That's why if they were put into our books and our plays we'd get reality. A few years ago a novelist took the life of one of our recent Presidents and put the man in a book. The book became a rage; now it's going to be done in a play.

It has the germ of reality, of life, in it.

Take the impossible hero in "The Pride of Jennico." He takes life easily. I don't know how many he kills in that last act, but it seems to me that as a theme for a burlesque it would be simply inimitable.

Take the typical historical hero of playland and put on his ruffles and his pom-poms and look at him in the right light and you have the funniest thing that ever happened.

He'd go around loose in New York about four minutes. He would look like one of these living advertisements that walk along on the cable car slot and gather crowds. And he would be taken up tenderly and landed in the clubbing department of one of the city's popular health cures.

For my part, these historical heroes remind me of the petrified eggs that Li Hung Chang carries about with him. They may be all right, but I'm willing to take his word for it.

I tasted his tea and his lychee nuts, but I shied at the canned eggs. They belong solely to the dead past. He can have them all. Also the canned heroes.

With all our society clergymen, our swell jockeys, our civilized, college-brsd Indians, our dude soldiers, picturesque politicians and rheumatic prize-fighters to write plays about, why rake up all these dead ones?

The Matinee Girl preaches the doctrine of the up-to-date. Her pulpit may be shaky, but her theory is that we are getting too much embalmed literature in our books and on our stage. It is not a healthy diet.

I heard one of the most finished orators of the day, a Jesuit priest, end a short summer sermon in a little Long Branch church a few Sundays ago in a manner so dramatic that it made a deep impression on every world-hardened summer man and girl in the place.

He asked a question, as though individually, of every one of his hearers, keeping the interrogatory inflection on his period.

Then he stopped and went down the pulpit stairs. It was the most tremendously effective thing you can imagine. We all sat there stunned by the suddenness of the unexpected ending. It was like one of Pinero's curtains.

And his concluding sentence was burning before us. We could almost see the words ringing in the air, scarlet-loud, brazen as a bell. It was a hold-up of our hearts and souls and brains.

Which impels me in my role of preacher to say: Let us, we who write and act and pass upon plays, get together and ask ourselves: Are we alive or are we dead? Is the age we live in so empty that we must prowl like ghouls in graveyards for the musty remains of fuss-and-feather heroes?

Some wise old adagemaker once said: Never praise one woman to another if you want to be popular.

This may be right, but if you want to be thought clever never praise one man's looks to another; that is, unless, like the Matinee Girl, you like to have some fun noticing how the time-honored yellow-eyed monster works in the masculine nature.

## Tailoring Department.

We announce the arrival of our Imported Woolens for the Fall and Winter of Nineteen Hundred—

We have the finest Merchant Tailoring Department in St. Louis and Cater particularly to BEST Dressed Men—

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You may speak of the other fellow's virtues, good qualities, courage, business ability or brain, and your hearer will agree with you every time and add a few bouquets, for men as a rule speak well of each other.

But when you touch on the subject of looks the atmosphere changes and grows frosty and congealed. And if you keep on in this line you'll hear everything to the other man's discredit.

The anvil will ring right merrily. You'll find that the man whose good looks you have alluded to is more than half devil, that he drinks, borrows money, wears corsets, pads his shoulders and has been put out of clubs.

A lot of us were talking about actors the other day, and Thisbe, a Matinee Girl I know, foolishly remarked that she thought James K. Hackett was too sweet for anything.

There was a young man present who used to go to dancing school with Hackett when they were little boys. He didn't object to the actor being described as though he were a chocolate cream, but another M. G. said something about his hair. In a moment the old college chum was touched.

"You know he curls his hair?" he said.

"Curls his hair?" we all said in a chorus.

"Does he use a hot iron or kid crimpers, or does he put it up at night in papers?" asked, for I really wanted to know.

"Well, he curls it, anyhow," said the college chum. "It's perfectly straight; at least it used to be, and a man's hair doesn't change like that."

It was horrible to think of Hackett frizzing his hair, so I cleverly changed the subject by asking if it were true that he wore attached collars and cuffs.

The college chum was thoroughly wrought up by this time.

"Oh, Jim's all right," he said; "but he's grown chesty."

"Chesty?"

"Yes, he's a great actor now; he used to

be a good fellow, but it's all over now. He's spoiled."

"But he's so good-looking!" I said.

"Well, he may be good-looking, but he won't do. Why, last season, Tommie and I—(it wasn't Tommie, but Tommie is a good name)—read one morning of Hackett making a hit in a new play. And we thought of the days when we were boys together, and we felt kind of proud of Jim. And I said, 'Tommie, suppose we go down and buy him a drink just for the sake of old times.' So Tommie agreed, and we started for the theatre. Well, talk of ceremony and state. We had to send in our cards, and then they couldn't be handed in during the performance or something or other, and we weren't going to stand there like Johnnies, and so we came away. Oh, no, he's too chesty altogether! He's all right, but we boys won't stand for this great actor business."

"But he's got beautiful eyes!" said Thisbe.—*The Dramatic Mirror.*

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh street.

A New York barkeeper, who was spending his vacation in Maine, found himself one evening in a hotel in Portland. While he lingered a terrible storm took place. The windows of the room in which he was sitting were broken by hailstones "almost as big as eggs." The proprietor of the hotel noticed that the barkeeper turned aside to drop a tear.

"Does the storm scare you?" he ventured to ask his guest.

"It isn't that," replied the barkeeper, "but I can't bear to see so much cracked ice wasted on a Prohibition State."—*Wave.*

Fine Watches—Mermod & Jaccard's



## THE STOCK MARKET.

The market in Wall Street is at last displaying some signs of activity again, but its movements have not been in conformity with the wishes of the majority of traders or (to use the very significant term) of the "outsider." Without giving any previous warning, stocks became suddenly very weak, and declined with a remarkable and, to the average speculator, uncomfortable ease and rapidity. In spite of the heroic efforts of bull cliques, the leading stocks, in both the industrial and railroad lists, dropped from 2 to 5 points, and liquidation asserted itself with unmistakable force. Of course, selling for short account was primarily responsible for the unexpected decline. Every bear movement is inaugurated by vigorous selling of stocks that are not owned, after the "insiders" have disposed of their holdings at top-prices. While it may be admitted that good stocks are in strong hands, it can also be said with confidence that thousands of shares are held by the small fellows on slender margin. The powers that are behind the bear attack are now trying to shake out weak accounts, so as to be able to pick up cheap stocks, or to average their holdings. The decline may not go very far, but it will, no doubt, prove very interesting and expensive to a good many lambs, who have been holding their stocks for months past, in anticipation of a big bull campaign in connection with Republican triumph. There has been little or no buying by the public in the past six weeks, for the simple reason that the public could not afford to increase commitments on the long side, having been shorn too much by the breaks which disturbed the market in the last twelve months, and being content with protecting stocks that it already held, and could not sell without incurring a big loss.

A great deal of stress is laid on the strike in the anthracite coal regions. An opinion prevails that this convulsion in the industrial world will injure the prospects of Republican triumph, and formed the basis for the late bear success in the stock market. Considerable importance must, of course, be attached to this gigantic strike, as it will derange business and cause a severe shrinkage in the traffic of eastern railroads, but monetary considerations had undoubtedly most to do with the late decline in securities. In last week's MIRROR the money market situation received some attention, and its leading features were cursorily referred to. Since then, there have been developments which tended to confirm the impression that interest-rates will, in the near future, experi-

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Harness Races on Mile Track, Tuesday, October 2, to Friday, October 5, inclusive. \$6,000 in Purses.  
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These are but a few of the Magnificent Galaxy of  
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## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

TIM

MURPHY

in Sol Smith's Rus-  
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A

Bachelor's  
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Matinees Wednesday  
and Saturday.

NEXT WEEK.

(Monday)

DANIEL

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Matinees Wednesday  
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THE  
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NEXT WEEK.

(Sunday)

That refined Musical  
Comedy

A  
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Girl.

Wednesday and  
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RAIN OR SHINE.

Wabash Trains leave Union Sta-  
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a. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:55 p. m. and  
4:15 p. m.

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Admission, including Round Trip  
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The Bill Includes

FINN AND DANDY,  
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HOWARD AND MOORE,  
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LORENZ AND HALPIN,  
In a Clever Sketch.  
GUSSIE VIVIAN,  
Soubrette. And Others.

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## CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 1/2	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1918	112 -113
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 1/2	M. N.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'g. 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 1/2	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277  
Assessment \$352,521,650

## ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	105 -107
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -105
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

## MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1923	95 - 99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	106 -107
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	90 - 92
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 - 102
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 - 90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 - 92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 85

## BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$30	June '00, 5 SA	200 -206
Boatmen's	100	June '00, 3 1/2 SA	183 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	169 -171
Fourth National	100	Nov '00, 5 p.c. SA	205 -210
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	130 -132
Jefferson	100	Jan. 1900, 3	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 5 SA	400 -400
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	200 -204
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1903, 1 1/2 qy	150 -154
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1900, 2 1/2 qy	240 -246
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qy	158 -162
Third National	100	June 1900, 1 1/2 qy	147 -148

\*Quoted 100 for par.

## TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '99, 5 SA	143 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qy	250 -292
St. Louis	100	Oct. '00, 1 1/2 qy	222 -230
Union	100	Nov., '98, 5	230 -235
Mercantile	100		149 -151

## STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102 -103
Citizens'	Oct. '93 4	100 -100
20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105 -107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 -118
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105 -106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
St. Louis	Apr 00 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
do 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		77 - 78
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 104 1/2 -105 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 116 -117
do Incomes 5s		1914 90 - 92
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 106 -109
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 109 -111
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	July '00 1 1/2	66 1/2 - 67
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	85 - 85 1/2
St. Louis Transit		20 1/2 - 21

## INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	42 - 43

## MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		9 - 10
" Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qy	52 - 53
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	July 1900 1/2	15 - 16
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qy	62 - 64
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qy	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 - 4
Central Lead Co	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 - 11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		240 -245
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb., '99, 1	45 - 55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	73 - 74
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		53 - 64
Mo. Edison com.	100		16 1/2 - 17 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July '00, 4 p. c	180 - 90
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	115 -118
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	139 -141
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Sept. 1900	138 -141
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. 1903 1 1/2 qy	13 1/2 - 14 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p. c	47 - 48
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p. c	43 - 44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	30 - 34
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '86, 2	2 - 3
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qy	64 - 69
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qy	220 -230
Westhaus Brake	50	July 1900, 7 1/2	180 -181

ence a flurry, and that banks will be forced to restrict accommodations.

The floating of a German loan in the United States, while it emphasizes the rapidly increasing wealth of this country, will not benefit the bull cause in the stock market. There is considerable inducement to buy 4 per cent bonds of the German Empire at par, and it is not surprising that American investors should be eager to subscribe when the extravagantly high prices of domestic securities are taken into consideration. There is now talk that several million dollars' worth of gold will be exported, in payment of the subscriptions to the German bonds, and sterling exchange is slowly rising again.

The reserves of the New York banks have been decreasing materially in the last two weeks, and a further depletion is a certainty. Large amounts of currency are being shipped to interior points, and it is a foregone conclusion that interest rates will be considerably higher before a great while. At present, the banks hold about \$20,000,000 above legal requirements, a not very comfortable margin, and it is pretty safe to predict that the reserves will be down to the danger line by the time the crop-moving season draws to a close.

Sentiment in relation to the New York traction stocks continues very bearish. It is stated, on apparently good authority, that the Tammany Hall element is selling Manhattan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit whenever they bob up a few fractions. Richard Croker is known to be heavily short of these stocks, and advising all his friends to follow his tactics. Not so very long ago, the Tammany Hall crowd had a woeful experience with Manhattan, and pocketed a tremendous loss, owing to the fact that it ran counter to the wishes and interests of Russell Sage and Washington Conner. Ever since that time, the "Indians" are thirsting for revenge and affirming, every other day, that they intend to "get even." Interesting developments may, therefore, be looked for in Manhattan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, the latter stock having likewise incurred the ill-will of Croker. The public will wisely refrain from fooling with New York traction stocks; between the Sage-Connor crowd on the one side, and the Tammany Hall element on the other, the public has little or no chance to make any profits, but an excellent chance to get fleeced. The annual report of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. is still an unknown quantity. Its publication was promised two months ago, deferred from week to week, and to-day it is still expected. There is a suspicion that the officials are averse to having the facts and figures made public, and are rigging the shares, in the meanwhile, for their own pecuniary advantage.

The leading railroad shares are very quiet. There is no investment demand at these prices, and the opinion is strongly held that lower prices are to be expected between now and November the first. While

there are a good many traders who still cling to the idea that the re-election of President McKinley will restore the good, old times of 1898-99 in stock market affairs, there are also a few conservative and very prominent people, who shake their heads, in dubious manner, and assert that all the good things have been discounted. As the United States Investor expresses it, "much of the apathy in stocks is the natural result of the attitude of the general public towards the market. Many persons, who usually operate freely, have lost heart and spirit in stock speculation, and many of them are not, financially, in a position to buy stocks on account of the losses sustained in the past year, and the great shrinkage in values of securities. Many investors and operators are carrying stocks to-day which they would be glad to dispose of without loss, if they could, and which they are anxious to unload at the first favorable opportunity. But they are not in a mood to assume fresh obligations.

Bank clearances are decreasing and business failures are increasing, according to the weekly trade statistics. From this it may be inferred that the reaction in general business is still in progress. There is now a tendency in business failures to closely approach the level of 1898. While many believe or hope that an improvement will soon be witnessed, every impartial person will admit that, for the time being, the situation is not very encouraging.

## LOCAL SECURITIES.

The local security markets are quiet, and price changes, as a rule, very small. A weak feature, lately, has been Missouri-Edison preferred, although there is no stock pressing for sale. The common found no taker at \$15.50, while the 5 per cent. bonds are neglected at 90 1/2. The earnings of the Missouri-Edison Co. are said to be increasing steadily, and the prominent holders of the securities are confident of the ultimate outcome.

United Railways general 4s have declined to 84 3/4, while the preferred is \$66.50 per share bid; \$20.50 is bid for St. Louis Transit stock.

No change can be recorded in bank and trust company shares. The other day, a bid of \$700 was made for German-American, but none of the stock is offered at less than \$800. Third National is \$147 bid, while Mississippi Valley can be bought at about \$292.

American Nettie is firm at \$1.50; there has been quite a little inquiry for the shares lately. Bi-Metallic is well held at \$2.52, and there are intimations of favorable news from the mines.

Bank clearances continue satisfactory, and money is in good demand. Interest rates are firm at from 5 to 6 per cent. Foreign exchange is a little higher, sterling being quoted at \$4.87 1/8, and Berlin at 95 5/8. Drafts on New York are lower.

Best watches—Mermod &amp; Jaccard's.

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Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

## 4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

## DIRECTORS.

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Moses Rumsey,	Wm. D. Orthwein,	



## NEW BOOKS.

"The Wedding Day in Literature and Art," is aptly described in the sub-title as "a collection of the best descriptions of Weddings from the Works of the World's leading Novelists and Poets richly illustrated with reproductions of Famous Paintings of incidents of the Nuptial Day," compiled by C. F. Carter. The authors from whose works excerpts are made are chiefly of this generation although those of other eras find a place. Thus we find Balzac in the list with Amelia Barr, Bronte and Browning, Wilkie Collins and Allan Cunningham, Charles Dickens and Alexandre Dumas. From a list of some eighty authors an admirable selection has been made indicative of the compiler's taste and of "the embarrassment of riches" at his disposal. The illustrations in half-tone are well done and the work nicely printed and in attractive binding. [Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York. Price \$2.00.]

There is a raciness and freedom in "African Nights Entertainment," by A. J. Dawson, author of "Bismillah," etc., that suggests Kipling. His latest book is a series of stories more or less descriptive of life in Morocco and West Africa. The reader is made thoroughly at home, as it were, with the adventures of Englishmen and Englishwomen in Tangiers, Cape Coast Castle, Lagos and other parts of the Oil Rivers Coast. The "Annals of a Saintly House" tells of a strange marriage between an English girl, Miss Margaret Wycombe, and a Moorish prince-saint, "the most holy Shareef of Ain Araish," which is decidedly Moresque as becomes such a story. The saintly husband turned out to be a very decent sort and so Margaret did very well, much better than did her son. Most of the "Entertainments" relate to queer marital alliances (and mesalliances) between persons of different races. Such unions are like new shoes, in this respect that you can't tell when they're going to pinch you till it's too late to change them. But this, the initial story, is by no means the best of the series. The reader who likes stories he can finish in half an hour or so, stories that tell of life, manners or the lack of them, and customs in regions outside the ken of the average syndicated space correspondent, will be pleased with this book. The author evidently seeks to point a moral which is "Pay you no sort of heed or attention to the vaporings of the universal and racial brotherhood gentry; cleave you to the caste and color which is yours; for, if you break this law you do that thing which, without fail, brings a sore punishment at his heels. Look on me. *B'ism Illah!*" [Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

"The mystery of a love affair pleases every one, and I think we shall not tire of love stories till we tire of the mystery of spring, or of primroses and daffodils. "This dictum of Lady Annie Hyde in "The Maid of Maiden Lane," is a sufficient apology for a love story and one of the most charming of its kind. Mrs. Barr is no novice in romance. Indeed, this her latest story is the sequel of another very interesting one, viz., "The Bow of Orange Ribbon." In both stories her delineations of the historic characters of the Revolutionary period betoken a scholarly appreciation of historic conditions in America and England. In the love affairs of Cornelia Moran and Lieutenant 'oris Hyde, the reader who is not entirely

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Eighty Smart Costumes for Autumn are illustrated, many being in colors. Special illustrations show the new Juno Bust effect, which, with the Marie Antoinette dip at waist-line, gives the fashionable athletic figure. Beautifully colored pages show the Autumn Millinery, and the Embroidery, Lace and Crocheting articles will interest lovers of fancy work. Among the strong literary features are "White House Brides," by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, and "The Women of China," by Laura B. Starr.

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blase will find an ideal love story, one which cannot fail especially to impress the young reader. How Arenta Van Ariens married the young French marquis and what happened to them in Paris—in the bloody days of the Revolution—how an American general became an English nobleman and the pathetic story of Annie Hyde—these are all matters of absorbing interest. The novel is handsomely typed and tastefully illustrated. [Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

### THE EXPOSITION.

The Exposition season of 1900 opened under very favorable auspices on Monday and, in spite of the cold and rain, the attendance of visitors has been great and, no doubt when the weather settles, the place will be thronged. The attractions are greater this year than for many previous years, and have been very thoroughly advertised. To all of the visitors the greatest feature is the air-ship, a dirigible balloon that sails around the great Coliseum with the grace of a swan on a park lake. It is matter of surprise that the pictures illustrative of the life of Christ, by Tissot, should be so eagerly sought for by the crowd. If it doesn't prove that revealed religion has an immense hold on the popular mind it shows that St. Louisans' are great lovers of art. Sylvester's paintings of Mississippi River scenery and the porcelain paintings have hosts of admirers. The music given by Bandmaster Seymour and his talented "Fifty" is excellent. There are other features that constitute the show an unusually good one and well worthy of liberal patronage.

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

### THE "HANDY" TRADE MARK

**PIN CUP AND PAPER WEIGHT.** The Cup is  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. diameter, 2 in. high, outside; spacious and deep inside; holds  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of pins and not easily upset. Can be used as a sponge cup or for stamps, paper fasteners, or other small articles usually found on a well furnished desk, and is made in Black Glass which takes a very high finish and will not show dirt. The Paper Weight is  $\frac{2}{4}$  in. diameter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, made in oxydized copper, well finished, very handsome and durable. Paper weights when not in use are always in the way on the desk. Ours can be used in two places at one time, and when not in use is out of your way and entirely out of sight. We are the first in the field to use Black Glass for Desk Furniture, and these articles being Entirely New in material and design We know you have never seen anything like them for desk use, and all who have examined them say they are "Just the thing," "Unique" and "Out of sight" indeed when not in use. Price by Express Prepaid or of your stationer One Dollar. **WE MAKE RED INK,** the same uses in all its departments, and tried **ALL ORDERS ARE** **JUST OUT** **DINAL** (TRADE MARK) **RED,** the result of long effort and many experiments, is a most brilliant and permanent red ink, taking the place of the old time dark carmine color, and writes a very bright, handsome scarlet. Positively non-corrosive. Does not affect and is not affected by steel pens or exposure to the air. Flows very freely and will not mould or deteriorate. No Sediment, as it is a true solution. Keeps perfectly any length of time. Color deepens with age and will last for ever. **BUY YOUR INK DIRECT.**—Save two profits and get Full Measure. Full Quarts (32 oz.) 60c each, \$6.00 per dozen. Full Pints (16 oz.) 40c each, \$4.00 per dozen. **Delivered Anywhere Free of Charge.** **TO INTRODUCE OUR NEW GOODS** widely as possible **This Year** we shall in filling the next 7,000 orders for our Patent Cup and Weight include, As A Gift, a sample quart of our Cardinal Red Ink for trial. Shipped by express, well packed, **All Charges Prepaid** to any point in the United States or Provinces for \$1.00. (U. S. postage stamps taken if clean and undetached.) **THE DESK SUPPLY CO.,** Patentee and Manufacturer, 368 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### CONCERTS AT THE ODEON.

As an opening to the musical season, and in the order to give our country cousins an opportunity to see the most beautiful hall in America, the Odéon management will give during Fair week a series of popular concerts and organ recitals under the direction of Alfred G. Robyn, who will be assisted by the best local talent. The price of admission, like the programmes, will be thoroughly popular. The large organ which is now fully completed is said to be one of the finest ever built in this country, and, as last season nearly all the concerts given at the Odéon, were subscription concerts, the general public has so far not had an opportunity to visit the building. For this reason the management has decided to open the present season with this series of concerts, and it is their aim and intention to make the Odéon the home of music in St. Louis and to encourage local talent in every way possible.

If the concerts are a success, they will be

resumed at regular intervals during the winter, and it is therefore to be hoped that they will be given hearty support, as their continuance will undoubtedly prove of great benefit to music lovers of St. Louis.

On Monday evening, September 20, Mr. Joseph C. Erman, the pianist, will give a concert in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. Building, on Grand avenue. His programme is an excellent one, and he brings strong press endorsement.

Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mother (at foot of kitchen stairs)—Mina, is the Major kissing you?

Mina—Yes, mamma.

"Well tell him to do it in minor; four tea-cups have already fallen from the dresser."—The Schoolmaster.



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NOTE THESE SPECIALS:

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Rich Brocade Silks, wholesale price 89c; Auction price, yard.....	65c
Rich Brocade Satins, wholesale price 98c yard; Auction price, yard.....	69c
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1 lot of Corded and Tape Black Taffeta, worth 90c; our Auction Sale Price.....	49c
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1 lot of All-Silk and Satin Pekin French Silk, worth \$1.75; our Auction Sale Price.....	\$1.10

## Sheet Music Bargains.

### VOCAL.

Musical Gems From the Musical Comedy, The Burgomaster, The Tale of a Kangaroo, The Little Soubrettes, I Love You Dear and Only You, The Liberty Girl, Keep Cool, Cupid Does Not Marry, The Terrible Texas Storm, My Heart's To-night in Texas, Believe, Always, Because, Too Late, She Rests by the Suwanee River, She's Just Plain Sue, Pliny Come Kiss Your Baby, Ma Tiger Lily, I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do, The Way to Win a Woman's Heart, Ma Lady Lu, Bird in a Gilded Cage, I'd Leave Ma Happy Home For You, How About You Mr. Iceman, The Blue and the Gray, Just a Girl Like Mother, Wait, The Fatal Rose of Red, After All, My Hannah Lady, My Little Georgia Rose, The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee, I Will Love You to the Last, You Can't Forget the Old Love.

### INSTRUMENTAL.

The Tale of Kangaroo, March and Two-Step; Adoration Waltz; Phyllis Waltz; The Absent Minded Beggar Waltz; Silence and Fun Two-Step Polka; Ben Hur Waltz; Love's Pleading Waltz, The Barnyard Shuffle, Sapho Gavotte, Consolation Waltz, Dorothea Waltz, Rose and Lilac Waltz, Sparkling Jewels, Caprice, Ma South Carolina Rose, After the Possum Hunt, March and Two-Step; Bryan March, McKinley March, Impecunious Davis March, American Guard March, Home Stretch Galop,  
All 50c Regular, Our Price 23c

## Colored Dress Goods.

From the New York Auction Sale.

40-inch Camel's Hair Plaids for Skirts, mostly gray effects; worth 50c; our Auction Sale Price.....	25c
36-inch All-Wool Cheviot Serges, in gray, brown, blue and Oxford mixed effects; worth 59c; our Auction Sale Price.....	39c
44-inch French all-wool Vigoureux Covert Cloth, two-color effects; worth 75c; our Auction Sale Price.....	49c
54-inch All Pure Wool Homespun and Cheviot Mixtures, in leading colors; worth 89c; our Auction Sale Price.....	59c
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54-inch All Pure Wool Cheviot Serge, in navy blue only; worth \$1 00; our Auction Sale Price.....	59c
45-inch French Two-Tone Silk Mixed Crepons, twenty colorings to select from; worth \$1.00; our Auction Sale Price.....	59c
50-inch Imported Bannockburn Suiting, special value; worth \$1 00; our Auction Sale Price.....	69c
54-inch Imported Novelty Tweed and Cheviot Suitings, for tailor-made suits; worth \$1 25; our Auction Sale Price.....	79c
56-inch Shower Proof Cheviot Serge, in grays and Oxford mixture; worth \$1.25; our Auction Sale Price.....	89c
50-inch Two-Tone Velour Whipcord Suiting, extra value, worth \$1.25; Auction Sale Price.....	89c
54-inch Fine Quality French Venetian; worth \$1 50; Auction Sale Price.....	\$1 00
54-inch Reversible Plaid Back Golf Suiting, the best value in America; worth \$2 00; Auction Sale Price.....	\$1 50
54-inch Extra Fine Grade French Venetian Cloth; worth \$2 25; Auction Sale Price.....	\$1.49
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## SUIT DEPARTMENT.

A Big Bargain in Ladies' all Flannel Waists, Some handsomely braided, some plain. Colors, red, navy blue and black, worth \$1 50; our special price.....	59c
Fine Baltic Seal Collarettes, edged all around with chinchilla fur, worth \$5.75; our special price.....	\$2.50
Ladies' figured Black Brilliantine Skirts, neatly trimmed with two narrow bands of black satin all around, percaline lined, velveteen binding; our special price.....	\$2 25
Ladies' plaid-back Rainy-Day Skirts, six rows stitching around bottom, inverted plaits, colors, gray, brown, tan and blue; special price.....	\$3.75
Ladies' best quality Taffeta Silk Skirts, sixty vertical tucks, nine-inch plain flare flounce, ribbon belt, lined with a high grade perca- line; would be a bargain at \$22 50; our special price.....	\$13.50
Ladies' Fall Weight Covert Cloth Jackets, lined with a fine quality of mercerized lining; our Jacket Flyer.....	\$2.59
Children's stylish Reefer Jackets, made with a large scalloped sailor collar trimmed with four rows of white braid, colors, red, blue and brown; special price.....	\$2 50

## BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Great New York Auction Sale.

36-inch Camel's-hair Cheviot, all wool, worth 59c; Our Auction Sale Price.....	35c
36-inch Cheviot and Storm Serges, all wool, worth 60c; our Auction Sale Price.....	39c
42-inch French Cheviot, all wool, worth 75c; our Auction Sale Price.....	45c
48-inch all-wool French Whipcord, worth \$1 00; Our Auction Sale Price.....	69c
50 inch All wool Ladies' Cloth, worth 85c; our Auction Sale Price.....	59c
50-inch all-wool French Broadcloth, worth \$1.39; our Auction Sale Price.....	98c
42-inch Mohair Crepon, worth \$1.25; our Auction Sale Price.....	98c

## Blankets, Comforts and Bedding.

On Fourth Floor.

Full size comforts, white cotton filling.....	98c
Double bed size fast color chintz covering comforts, fine white cotton filling, a big value, at.....	\$1 69
Fine double robe sateen covered bed comforts, laminated cotton filling, large size, corded, soft and fluffy.....	\$2.50
11-4 size tan colored blankets for an opening price (real value \$1.35).....	98c per pair
10-4 Wool mixed Silver grey blankets, fancy colored borders.....	\$1.85 per pair
Extra large 11-4 grey wool blankets, bought before the advance and worth \$5.00 per pair, your choice.....	\$3.50 per pair
11-4 Strictly all fine wool blankets either grey or white, with pretty fancy borders.....	\$5 00 per pair
Fine Jacquard border large size white all wool blankets, regular value \$8 50 per pair, opening price.....	\$6 75
ALL FEATHER PILLOWS STRICTLY ODORLESS and full size.....	98c pair

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NEW BOOKS—Three Men on Wheels—Jerome. Their Silver Journey—Howells. Red Pottage, David Harum, The Web of Life—Herrick. To Have and to Hold, Richard Carvel, When Knighthood was in Flower. Resurrection—Tolstoy. Boy, a Sketch—Corelli. The Reign of Law—Allan. Jennie Baxter, Journalist—Barr. The Gentleman from Indiana, The Farringtons—Fowler. Deacon Bradbury—Dix. The Black Wolf's Breed—Dickson. Janice Meredith, Red Rock, The Other Fellow—Smith. In Connection With the De Willoughby claim, No. 5 John St., The Ship of Hars—Couch.

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## DISTANCE AND PACE.

(Double Ballade.)

Whenas—in summer—Sophonisba goes  
In fine foulard, adown the promenade,  
Or when, in furs, she faces winter snows,  
In sumptuous sables, gorgeously arrayed,  
I wonder how the rosy rustic maid,  
That milked the cows with simple Jacks and  
Jills;  
Intō the Babylonian labyrinth strayed:—  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

For her the lowing herd no longer lows,  
No more she drives it homeward through  
the shade;  
The husky hoeman pauses as he hoes,  
To wonder why she wandered from the  
glade;  
Not overmuch she loved him and his spade,  
So turned her from the glebe the yokel tills,  
And sought the city and an easy trade;  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

Fair is she as the fabled queen that rose  
From out the rippling waves that 'round  
her played;  
Or she who made the Greek and Trojan foes,  
And watched them battle from the barri-  
cade,  
Through which the wooden war-horse was  
conveyed,  
That brought about old Ilium's endless ills:  
'Twere well if she and Helen home had  
stayed:  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

As yet her sky is overarched with bows,  
Naught in the balance of her brain is  
weighed,  
Little she cares for Fate's hard-handed blows,  
And nothing for the hair-suspended blade;  
The distant whirling blast, in which is  
swayed  
The reaping hook of Fate, no warning shrills;  
Such far forebodings rarely are obeyed;  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

Mayhap the radiant loveliness that glows  
Upon her cheek will not too quickly fade;  
I've sometimes seen it linger long with those  
Who foot it fleetest down the fatal grade;  
I mean not now your ancient withered jade,  
Whose fissured features art inaptly fills;  
She trots—for years—the tempting turf,  
afraid;  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

Where many a fizzing flagon upward throws  
The sparkling bubbles till the roof is  
sprayed;  
Where chandeliers are kicked with dainty  
toes,  
And shapely limbs are lavishly displayed;  
Where Folly runs her maddest escapade,  
And most unholy passion throbs and thrills—  
There laughs and loves the rustic renegade,  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.

ENVOY.

Some morning in the morgue we'll see her  
laid,  
Silent within the cold caress that stills—  
That comes the rosier revel to upbraid;  
It's not the distance, it's the pace that kills.  
—Louis A. Robertson, in *Town Talk*.

Doctor (to operetta diva who wishes to be  
vaccinated): Shall I vaccinate your arm?  
Divas: Heavens! No, of course not.  
Think of me as an artist with a scar on  
my arm! You must vaccinate me where it  
won't show.

"I think you had better take it inter-  
nally."—*Collier's Weekly*.

## WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

Scene: Page 212 of "To Have and to  
Hold." Real Howard Pyle Pirates in the fore-  
ground. Recipe hero and heroine in the back-  
ground.

Enter Odsbodikins.

Ods: Where am I? Avoid thee, fiend.  
I will not use that modern vulgarity  
"Where am I at?" Retro me Sathanas.  
Soft! Who is he comes here?

Enter Gadzooks.

Gad: As I live, my old friend Ods-  
bodikins.

Ods: Do my eyes deceive me? What,  
can this be my old fellow in arms?

Gad: The same, the same. (Embrace.)  
Enter "By'r Lakin."

By'r L: Well met, my bravos. 'Tis  
long since we three were together on one  
page.

Gad: Odsbodikins, but this is a notable  
gathering of pretty oaths that are not dan-  
gerous.

Ods: By'r Lakin, where was it we met  
last? In Shakespeare, if my memory serves  
me right.

By'r L: Of a verity it was. In the  
king's palace, methinks.

Gad: Nay, it was in "Room in the  
same," as you may see in the old play book.

Ods: Truly, my brave hearts, I opine  
that we are coming to our own again. Once  
more the world craves good, mouth-filling  
oaths.

By'r L: Thou speakest more wisely than  
thou art ware of. As Acres saith, "Damns  
have had their day." But it seemeth to me  
that thou art somehow changed, old friend.

Gad: Tush, 'tis but a trifle. I have but  
dropped my initial "G." to humor a lady  
author. She thinks I look more refined as  
"Adzooks."

Ods: By my halidom, I do bethink me  
of an hostelry several pages back (Enter by  
My Halidom,) where good sherris sack is to  
be had for the asking, and it is a place  
where lusty oaths most do congregate. Let  
us go to it.

Gad: Perchance we will meet Egad  
there. He was always a jolly companion  
(Enter Egad) before he went on the stage.  
But I never cared much for Go To, who  
has been starring with him. She always  
suggested undeveloped possibilities. (Enter  
Go To.)

Ods: Avoid. Now is the time to dis-  
semble.

Enter Winston Churchill. As he sees the  
gathering he laughs a laugh that is not good to  
hear.

Churchill: Just what I have been looking  
for. I arrest you all in the name of High  
Art and True Literature. I need you in  
my next novel of Revolutionary times.

Egad: And what if I refuse?

Churchill: Drop that! You are not on  
the stage now!

The novelist scoops them all into his pocket.  
Green fire and slow curtain.—*New York Life*.

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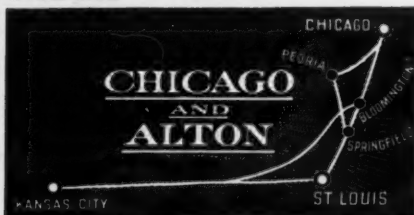
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